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No. 901.

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Substances in the ARTS. The Lectures will begin on Friday
morning, Feb. 7, at 9 o'clock. They will be continued on each suc-
ceeding Wednesday and Friday. R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal,
King's College, London, Feb. 1, 1845.

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Professor BACHOFEN, M.A. Ph.D. The Course of CHEMICAL
LECTURES AND PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATIONS for
GENERAL STUDENTS, AGRICULTURISTS, &c., under the
direction of Dr. John Ryan, will commence on TUESDAY, the
4th of February.

The STEAM-NAVIGATION CLASS, for NAVAL OFFICERS
and others, will commence on MONDAY, the 3rd of February.
The CLASS for RAILWAY ENGINE-DRIVERS will com-
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REVIEWS

On the Manner of Writing History for the People. By M. de Lamartine.

A little essay of M. de Lamartine's has fallen into our hands, which though contained in a few pages, and of no very recent date, has, we think, an importance far higher than bulk or novelty can give. Such fugitive productions of eminent men often contain their best thoughts: called forth by grave events and interests, they bear the impress of the inspirations under which they are written, and are free from the affectations and the laboured nothings which too often help to make up works of greater pretension.

We have nothing to do with M. de Lamartine's political opinions generally. It is sufficient for us that the sentiments he has expressed in this little treatise are just, wise and humane; it deserves more notice than it has excited, and a longer life than that allotted to such publications. These considerations, and, above all, the immense importance of the subject, have led us to lay it almost entire before our readers, to whom it is probably unknown. A protest against the incitements to love of glory, and the false teachings of a narrow and specious patriotism, is the more valuable coming from a country where they are so unhappily prevalent, and at a time when they are more than usually successful. Amid the clamours of the vulgar and the evil-disposed, let it console us that such a voice is lifted up against them. The essay bears the form of a letter to M. de Lamartine's colleague, M. Chapuys-Montlaville. It begins thus—

I have often said to myself what you say with so much good sense to your readers, in the introduction to your useful book, "After having equalized rights, we must equalize as nearly as possible, intellects. The task of our times is, to raise the masses to the conditions of civilization; of that relative leisure and ease which may permit them to instruct themselves. A popular encyclopedia would be a peaceful revolution." * * But in what spirit will you and your friends write a history for the use of the people? Popular writers have hitherto grossly flattered the people—a proof that they had no great esteem for them; for we flatter only those whom we seek to seduce. Why were they flattered? Because they were made an instrument, and not an end. Such writers said to themselves,—The force is there: we want it to upset governments which constrain us, or to absorb countries which we covet; let us invite the people; let us intoxicate them with their own praises; let us tell them that right resides with numbers,—that their will is justice,—that God is on the side of great armies,—that all means are good to secure the success of the popular cause,—and that even crime is effaced by the grandeur and the sanctity of results. They will believe us, follow us, and lend us the physical force we need; and when, by the aid of their arms, their blood, and even their crimes, we shall have overthrown a despotism, and convulsed Europe, we will dismiss them, and tell them in our turn, Be silent, work, and obey.—This is the way in which they have hitherto been addressed; thus have the vices of courts been transported into the streets, and the people been inoculated with such a love of adulation, and such a craving for obsequiousness and caresses, that, like certain sovereigns of the Lower Empire, they would only be spoken to kneeling.

This is not the course to be pursued. We must speak to them erect, on a level, face to face. The people are neither better nor worse than the other elements of the nation; numbers are nothing. Take each of the individuals who compose a crowd, one by one, and what do you find? The same ignorances, the same errors, the same passions, often the same vices, as elsewhere. Are these men before whom to kneel? No. Multiply all these ignorances, vices, passions, miserable weaknesses, by as many millions as you will, you will not change their nature. Let

us leave talking of numbers, and respect only truth.

In writing history for the people, you must consider truth alone. And do not think that you will be less listened to, or less popular on that account: the people have indeed acquired a depraved taste for adulation and falsehood; but their natural tastes are for truth and courage. They respect those who dare to brave them, and despise those who fear them.

This being the case, what point of view will you select for writing your people's history? There are three principal views which you may take,—that of glory, that of patriotism, and that of civilization, or of the morality of the acts you are about to relate. If you consider an act under the aspect of glory, you will delight a warlike nation, which has been dazzled long before it has been enlightened, and which this false glitter has so often blinded as to the true value of the men and things which appeared in its horizon. If you place yourself in the exclusive point of view of its patriotism, you will excite all the enthusiasm of a people which pleads the excuse of its safety and its greatness for its lofty egotism, and which, in the feeling of its greatness and its strength, has sometimes forgotten that it was not alone in Europe. But neither of these points of view will give you the real truth,—that is, the general truth; they will give you only the French truth. But French truth is true only at Paris; cross the frontier and it is a lie. It is not this truth, circumscribed within the limits of a nation, that you wish to inculcate; it is not to this that you would bring down the intelligence of the people. What then remains? The universal and permanent point of view; that is to say, the point of view of the morality of the actions of the individuals or of the nations which you have to describe. All other aspects of the subject are enlightened by false or partial gleams: this alone stands in the full and divine light of day; this alone can guide the infirmity of human judgments through the labyrinth of personal or national prejudices, opinions, passions, interests, and enable a people to say—this is right; this is wrong; this is great or noble. In a word, if you wish to form the judgment of the masses, to rescue them from the immoral doctrine of success, do what has never been done yet—give a conscience to history. This is the work demanded for our age and worthy of our people. By treating history thus, you will perhaps have less immediate popularity; you will not strike the passionate imagination of the masses; but you will render a thousand times better service to their cause, their interests, and their reason.

To give an example: one of the great events of the age,—one of those days which divide for a length of time the fate of a revolution, of a nation, or of an empire,—was the 18th Brumaire. You would doubtless have to relate it; how would you contemplate it? Should it be under the aspect of glory? That is dazzling; it glitters like a drawn sword in the sun; it whirls like the dust raised by a squadron of horse galloping by, filling the ear with noise and the eye with éclat! Here is a man coming from distant camps, preceded by his name, strong in his renown, accustomed to military discipline, weary of the tardiness, the resistance, and the inconvenient noise of a government of discussion; who, impatient of the slow and collective work of establishing liberty, takes advantage of a momentary discouragement of the public mind, mounts his horse at the head of a few grenadiers, breaks all this republican machine with his sword, and says, "Give me the empire; you can only talk, I will act." He succeeds; the revolution falls into his hands; he transforms it at his will; incapable of constituting the disordered elements into a nation, he forms them into an army, launches it against the world, intoxicates it with victories, and seizes the crown it tenders him. This is very fine. Make this glitter in the eyes of the masses—they will be dazzled by it: will you have instructed them?

Or will you contemplate the same event in the patriotic point of view? It is the universal monarchy of the French flag; the people sees itself everywhere under the image of its victorious armies; French patriotism appears vast as the continent of Europe, and exclaims, "L'Europe c'est moi;" it deifies itself. By presenting the fact thus, you will excite the people to enthusiasm for an event which has robbed them of all the fruits of the revolution before they

were ripe, and of all the moral conquests of the eighteenth century. Will you have elevated their character?

Lastly, will you view this same event under the aspect of the morality of the act and of its influence on true civilization? It completely changes. There is a man to whom the free government of his country has intrusted an army for its defence against factions, and who converts that army into a military faction against that government. Here is an anarchical and bloody revolution,—which, by the sheer force of the public mind, and the spontaneous course of civil reactions, had traversed the most deplorable crises, and washed its hands with shame of the blood odiously shed; and whose violent oscillations daily became more temperate, and showed a tendency to confine themselves within the limits of a vital but regular motion. This man comes and stops the revolutionary movement exactly at the point where it ceased to be convulsive, and began to be creative. He arms himself with all the repentances, the resentments, the apostacies, which a revolution always leaves in its train; he reconstitutes an *ancien régime* with names and things of yesterday; he imposes a censorship on the press, and silence on the tribune; creates a nobility of plebeians, and converts religion into a tool of government. He stifles, throughout Europe, all sympathy with French ideas, under the hatred inspired by violence and conquest. What is the result of this drama, with one actor? You see. A name the more in history; but France twice invaded, and her boundaries narrowed from without and from within,—reason, liberty, and the improvement of the masses indefinitely retarded, by this episode of glory, and condemned, perhaps, to pass a century in recovering what it lost in a day. Such is the 18th Brumaire, under its three aspects. Need I tell you which is mine?

You may treat every incident of the French revolution in the same manner; you will, in every case, find these three aspects: the purely individual—glory; the exclusively national—patriotism; and the moral—civilization. And if you follow out the consequences logically, you will invariably arrive at this result,—that glory and patriotism, severed from general morality, are sterile for a particular nation, as well as for humanity at large.

To teach the people, by facts, by events, by the hidden meaning of those great historic dramas of which men see only the scenes and the actors, but whose plot is contrived by an invisible hand; to teach them to know, to judge, to moderate themselves; to make them capable of distinguishing those who serve, from those who mislead, them—those who dazzle, from those who enlighten; to point to every great man or great event of their own history, and say—Weigh them yourselves, not with the false weights of your passions of a day—your prejudices, your anger, your national vanity, your narrow patriotism,—but with the just weights of the universal conscience of the human race, and the utility of the act to the cause of civilization; to convince them that every nation has its post, its part assigned to it—every class of society its relative importance in the sight of God; to teach the people hence to respect themselves, and to participate religiously, and with full consciousness of what they are doing, in the progressive accomplishment of the great designs of Providence;—in a word, to create in them a moral sense, and to exercise that moral sense on great events and men of their history, and on themselves—I venture to say, that this were to give the people much more than empire, power, or government: it were to give them Conscience; the judgment and the sovereignty of themselves: it were to place them above all governments; for, indeed, the very day on which they are fit to reign, they will reign—it signifies little under what form or what name. It is the people that must be modified; governments will modify themselves after its image;—for, be assured, as is the people so is the government; and when a people complains of its own, it is because it is unworthy to have another. This was the opinion of Tacitus, in his days,—and it is equally true in our own.

On the succeeding passage we have two remarks to make. First, that the dearth of good books (by good books we do not mean religious tracts) for the people, appears to us, from what

we have seen and heard, even greater in France than in England. Secondly, we differ from the author in our estimate of the advantages of the promiscuous heaps of literature, the ceaseless torrents of new books, the facilities for "picking up" everything, the innumerable contrivances for hiding the barrenness or anticipating the labour of the intellect. All these appliances, the command of which M. de Lamartine insists on as the variable prerogative of the wealthy, are, we think, of extremely doubtful value; and perhaps divert or incapacitate as many minds from really important subjects as daily toil does. Indeed, we have no doubt that the latter, if not pushed to excess, is favourable to the vigour and directness of the mind,—and unquestionably to an unimpeded and robust appetite for really useful knowledge. With this slight difference, however, we heartily subscribe to M. de Lamartine's opinion of the want and the importance of a good journal for the people:—

One thought (he says) has lain for ten years in my mind, and I have submitted it to all the great parties, and to the government of my country, by turns. All have let it fall to the ground with indifference, because it was not a weapon of mutual offence, but an instrument of amelioration and peace, wherewith to fashion the character of the nation. It is this—our liberty of the press, our government of discussion and of publicity, our industrial activity, above all, our primary schools, diffuse elementary education among the lower ranks of the population with increasing profusion; the faculty, the habit, and the desire of reading are created in large masses of people. And then, what is given them to read? Nothing. The education of the wealthy continues through youth, and even through life. Schools, universities, public lectures provided by the State, [N.B. Not in England,] science, philosophy, letters, politics,—all are poured out before us: exhaustless libraries are open to us; reviews, journals without number, labour for us day and night, supply us every morning with the flower of all human knowledge, and stimulate us to an insensate labour and a perpetual reflection. For the people there is nothing of the kind. Yet they have their share of leisure:—days of festival and of rest, winter evenings, times of sickness—there is no calling which has not some moments to devote to reading. How many idle hours for your 500,000 soldiers in garrison,—for your 60,000 sailors on board ship, when the sea is calm and the wind fair,—for your workmen who habitually idle away forty-eight hours in the week,—for the herdsmen in the fields,—for women, old men, and children! And where is the intellectual food, the moral daily bread of these masses? Nowhere. A catechism and songs compose their whole fare. Revolting crimes, related in atrocious verses, illustrated with hideous pictures, and stuck on the walls of the cottage or the garret,—such is their library, their gallery, their museum. For the more enlightened, a few newspapers exclusively political, which find their way into the workshop or the public-house, and carry the echo of our parliamentary battles,—a few names of men to be loved, of popular reputations to be pulled to pieces,—this is their civic education! What sort of people do you expect it to produce? My idea was—to fill this immense chasm not only by books, which are taken up, read once, and laid aside, but by the only book which is "never ending, still beginning,"—which people read involuntarily,—the daily book—the popular journal.

To create a daily journal for the masses, of a large form, and a rate of subscription not exceeding five days' wages, and to attach to its production, by the sentiment of the good to be done, and the honourable reward of their labour, all the men, without distinction of party, in France or in Europe, who are at the head of science, literature, arts, or manufactures; to induce each of them to contribute a certain number of articles on his own peculiar subject—moral philosophy, history, science, poetry, politics (but only general politics, without virulent polemics, or attacks on existing men or governments), all treated in a clear, precise, and solid manner; to add to this successive and varied elementary instruction, a recital of the principal events occurring in the country

or the world; to introduce light through every door and window chink of the lowliest cottage, and to make the masses sharers in our intellectual life—such was my idea!

M. de Lamartine says, nothing is wanted for the fulfilment of his noble idea but a million francs a year,—and that, if this sum were forthcoming, he engages to find the contributors. We wish we could believe this to be so easy. When we look around us at home, and see the small inclination on the part of the few really competent men to devote themselves to such labours, we confess we are unable to entertain any hope for France,—where more is indeed done for public instruction by the State, but far less by spontaneous individual exertion,—where there are, as we are told, no mechanics' institutes, or people's book clubs, or lending libraries, helps of various other kinds which are scattered over our land, and supply, to some extent, though very imperfectly, the want which M. de Lamartine so justly and eloquently describes. He says, in conclusion—

These men (the contributors) would be the real moral power of the nation,—the administrators of public opinion,—the permanent council of modern civilization. Does this offer no temptation to noble ambition and generous zeal?

We must confess, we are far more struck with the difficulty to which M. de Lamartine does not advert, or rather which he thinks does not exist, than with either of those he mentions. We believe that, in England at least, money and zeal would be much more readily forthcoming than the requisite knowledge and intelligence. When we look at the journals on which M. de Lamartine enlarges as so powerful a means of communicating knowledge to the higher classes,—even at the journals of the highest pretension in France or England,—we profess ourselves unable to see where the sound knowledge, the unprejudiced opinions, the dispassionate and safe judgments of men and things, are to come from. Where are the distinct and consistent notions on morals? where the enlightened views of religion? where the sane maxims of political economy,—the just doctrines of international law? Here and there, our minds are refreshed and our hearts consoled by a gleam of such divine and beneficent lights; but what a preponderance of vague and incoherent opinions, of half-knowledge, of senseless violence, of narrow bigotry, of obstinate error, of bad faith!

That the leisure classes are not more misled and perverted than they are, may be ascribed to a certain necessity for comparison and reflection imposed by the loud, chaotic shock and conflict of these many voices:—and this is the real, though indirect, advantage of the leisure and variety of reading enjoyed by the rich. Something like a suspicion is awakened, even in the most inconsiderate, that each cannot be as wholly in the right as he pretends; and out of this suspicion grows, in some minds at least, inquiry. But, as positive and dogmatic teaching, as instruction—or even as evidence—to be relied on, (and, for the people, that is what is wanted,) we see nothing in the wide world of journalism that leads us to believe the men exist competent to so difficult, so sacred a task. We admit that the motives and ends so eloquently proposed by M. de Lamartine are altogether of a higher nature than any which can be supposed to govern ordinary journals; and as, to use the immortal words of *Vauvenargues*, "*toute grande pensée vient du cœur*," it is possible that such motives and such ends might call forth the intellectual qualities required to carry them into effect.

The Works of Beaumont and Fletcher. By the Rev. A. Dyce. Vols. V. VI. and VII. Moxon.

THE first four volumes of this work were in print a year ago, and were noticed [No. 852] with the commendations they deserved. Three successive volumes have since then appeared, nor do we see any reason to withdraw one word of the praise which we then thought fit to bestow upon Mr. Dyce. Four volumes more will complete this edition, and supply an established text of these twin stars of genius, to which succeeding ingenuity will add but little, and fresh discovery rather illustrate and confirm than censure and depose.

But we have little to hope from the fresh exertions of English enterprise in the fields of literary discovery. Every accessible corner has been pretty well ransacked for materials of every kind that were in any way likely to throw light on dark passages, illustrate the manners and customs of the Elizabethan age, or assist in fixing the chronological arrangement of our drama. And to what purpose? Very little indeed! It is true we are told that a MS. of Shakespeare's *Henry IV.* of Shakespeare's age has only recently been discovered in a charter-chest in Kent, but we have yet to learn its value and importance; unless it illustrates the obscurer passages, or restores a word which tacit common consent will sanction and admit, the MS. is a mere curiosity, of no use whatever to the text of Shakespeare, and of very little consequence or value to any one but its possessor.

Of the fifteen plays in the three volumes before us (fifteen out of fifty-two) we have only a 4to. edition of one, and of the remaining fourteen no other printed copies than the folios of 1647 and 1679. Mr. Dyce is, therefore, not much molested with quarto collations—of such serious consequence and moment in the text of Shakespeare, either from being too much neglected or over faithfully adhered to. It is true he has a MS.—a MS. *penes me* (how Gifford has laughed at this class of people)! but it is of very little value, though a contemporaneous copy of a good play, *The Humorous Lieutenant*. He has, therefore, almost wholly to rely on his own perspicacity and intelligence, to reproduce his text as he receives it with such corruptions removed as common sense would never suffer to remain, and with such illustrations of the obscurer passages as his range of reading (and it is a wide one) will allow him to offer.

The fifteen plays in the three volumes before us were one and all posthumously printed, and not from the poets' MSS., but from the prompters' books or the playhouse copies. They have, therefore, to make their way into the world with all the errors of frequent and ignorant transcription, with playhouse additions and omissions, and the superadded evil of a text printed when printing was remarkable only for its careless inaccuracies. It will be readily supposed that poets less involved in their meaning and less artificial or lax in their versification than Beaumont and Fletcher, would suffer severely from this accumulation of drawbacks. The playhouse additions and omissions were all very well for the round O of admirers who went to see and hear, but for the wide world of admirers without the precinct of the Blackfriars the additions would be unwelcome, and the omissions, as we now find them, a loss to be lamented.

Take for instance the well-known play of *The Chances* in the seventh volume of Mr. Dyce's edition, and one of the best of Beaumont and Fletcher's comedies. If this play had reached us by the common stream of the playhouse, and for the first time in the year 1845, we should have received it with all the additions and changes which the literary idling of a noble

duke, the theatrical caprice of a Drury Lane patentee, or the torturings of a musical composer could in three successive centuries inflict upon it. In 1682, the witty Duke of Buckingham (Villiers) lopped the two last acts away, and added instead two humorous but indecent substitutes of his own in prose. Here was one very material change. In 1773, Garrick produced at Drury Lane, another alteration of *The Chances* "which was little more," says Mr. Dyce, "than Buckingham's alterations rendered a little more decent and—considerably more dull." Here was another change, but the last and worst was in 1821, when the comedy of *The Chances* was reduced to a musical drama in three acts, and performed at Covent Garden, under the name of *Don John, or the Two Violettas*.

Nor is this to be considered an extreme case or an unfair representation of the descent of a playhouse copy. Alterations and additions in the great period of our drama were common occurrences—dramatic writers preyed upon one another, and actors, to say nothing of clowns, would speak much more than the poet had intended. As these additions became popular, they were embodied from time to time with the playhouse text of the author, and the prompter's book became the standard edition of a play; and at length as it turned out, the only copy which players could procure or publishers were willing to print from.

Mr. Hunter, in his recent illustrations of Shakespeare, would lead us to attribute the loss of Shakespeare's papers to the puritanical feelings of his immediate descendants. Nor is this an unfair or an unlikely supposition. We owe, however, to the puritanical feelings of that period, and to the suppression of the stage at the outbreak of the Civil Wars, the preservation of many plays which before the suppression it had been the interest of the players, whose property they were, to have retained in manuscript. "His Majesty's poor Players" were now, from sheer necessity, compelled to try some new market for their wares—spectators they were prohibited from seeking, they therefore sought readers, and plays were no longer confined to the prompter's copy, or reserved for Mr. Warburton's cook and the flames of her kitchen-fire. How much the literature of this country has gained from the suppression of the stage—every one intimate with the history of our early drama, with the printed productions of the Civil War period of English history, and with the lost plays which have come down to us by name and name only, will readily admit, and it is our belief that we owe a third of Fletcher's folio to Prynne and his Histrionastix.

Mr. Dyce, to our thinking, pays unnecessary deference to the spelling of the early copies. You may read a chapter in the history of orthography in a printer's office in Mr. Dyce's "old revised new way." He has *riss* for *rose*, *whobub* for *hubbub*, *debohshed* for *debauched*, *deceat* for *decent*, *codsheds* for *godsheds*, *ballaas* for *ballast*, *sumersalt* for *summerset*, *hindmost* for *hindmost*, *rilde* for *vile*, *porpiseses* for *porpoises*, *auslaught* for *onslaught*, *mattheugin* for *methegin*—and these in an edition which does not profess to preserve misprints like Ritson to a letter—with a *tic* in *MS.*, or *sic* in *original*, perpetually recurring at the foot of every page. But Mr. Dyce is getting the better of this extreme affection for the forms of ancient orthography, and the petted *alabaster* of his edition of Middleton is here, in spite of old Mr. Moseley's printer, reset in its more modern form of *alabaster*. But the rejection is not without a regretful sigh in the shape of a foot note, which excites a smile.

One word by way of complaint before parting, and this on a passage in *The Chances*.

The Duke of Ferrara is pursued and attacked by Petruchio, Antonio, and two gentlemen.

Duke. You will not all oppress me?
Ant. Kill him! 't the wanton eye; let me come to him.
Duke. Then ye shall buy me dearly.
Petr. Say you so, Sir?
Ant. I say cut his wessand, spoil his peeping.—(p. 241.)

and on this last word, we find a note: "i. e. Chirping, 'To peep (as birds), *pipio*.' *Coles's Dict.*; see too *Todd's Johnson's Dict.*—So the first folio.—The second folio 'piping'; and so the modern editors." Now we find a little further on, and in the same play, the very same expression—only we have *piping* for *peeping* without comment or reference:—

—who provok'd me?

Nay, sirrah squeak, I'll see your treble strings
Tied up too; if I hang, I'll spoil your piping.—(p. 266.)

Why not *peeping* as birds here, Mr. Dyce? but the passage is not worth quarrelling about, and we only bring it forward to show the folly of reviving an exploded way of spelling, which, while it shows the ingenuity of its reviver, and how well he can support when he likes his old new fangled manner, is really at times contrary to the common sense of his author, and generally unpleasant to the admirer both of author and editor.

CHRISTMAS STORY-BOOKS IN GERMANY.

Undertundfünfzig Moralische Erzählungen für Kleine Kinder. Von Franz Hoffman.

THE 'Undertundfünfzig Moralische Erzählungen,' by Franz Hoffman, we reserved for a separate notice, that we might give them a special hearing. Here are "one hundred and fifty moral tales for little children," with forty-eight illustrations, and all having the strictest relation to real life. The method almost invariably adopted by Franz Hoffman to enforce his "moral" is of a kind not very new certainly, but he has carried it to an excess that makes this book stand alone in the literature of the nursery.

Of the kind of books which it is best to place in the hands of young children, many theories exist; but with regard to the great and permanent influence of children's first books—an influence, moreover, which is generally like a growing seed,—there is no difference of opinion. Whatever theories, however, may be maintained, as to whether the affections and the imagination, the moral feelings and the judgment, religion and practical knowledge, should first be instilled and cultivated, we think there is one fundamental principle, in which nearly all who have studied the question will be found at the present period to coincide. It is the principle of love, as opposed to that of fear: and the principle necessarily recognizes the superior moral influence of an affectionate reasoning care, to that of an angry punishing hand; and also regards it as far better to induce a child's good conduct by kindness and example, than to threaten its body with painful consequences, or terrifying its imagination by showing the disasters and evils that have befallen others. Moreover, the principle of love is demonstrably preferable to that of fear, inasmuch as it is found to be effective in accomplishing the desired end (by creating an internal influence), while the latter almost always fails. Grown-up people do not generally refrain from doing a thing they particularly desire by being warned of evil consequences, nor by being shown examples in history and actual life around them; nor are they always prevented, when the passions are implicated, even by their own personal experience. Man is a wilful animal; there is no doubt about it. How, then, can we reasonably expect all this self-command in children who have had little, if any, actual experience; to whom history is no more than any other book of fables, and who therefore do not seriously believe, nor even comprehend, these dread-

ful warnings of the consequences of their small actions. We ought not to forget that children are very much the same as ourselves, only with less power to carry out their desires, less knowledge, and less experience; and consequently, with far more claims for excuse and pardon when they do wrong. If it has been of late years fully admitted that the laws for adults ought not to be sanguinary, nor in any respect vindictive, as a principle, but preventive and reformatory, so, more especially, should all semblance of severity and vengeance be banished from the education of children.

Very differently, however, does Franz Hoffman think on these matters. He is for making a little child good by a *coup-de-main*, and curing a naughty boy "with a vengeance." He is not only in favour of the old system of "breaking the spirit," his method goes the length of breaking the neck, in order to give a salutary warning to others. As for the arms and legs of children, his inventive fancy breaks them or cuts them off for all sorts of trivial offences. Any breach of obedience to a command, he visits with the worst consequences; and this is the only moral of the great majority of these "hundred and fifty moral tales." The constant recurrence of these sanguinary results has the effect of a cruel despotism, and can give a child no better impression, particularly if successful in checking its energies and desires upon almost all occasions. The author recognizes no means of influencing a child to reflect, and forbear, and exercise some self-control, through love and affectionate respect for the wishes and feelings of a mother or father or instructor, but depends solely upon alarming the dawning imagination with a continual dread of fatal physical consequences; so that the child, in proportion as this system is successful, is almost certain gradually to become a little cautious coward, with no feeling of freedom in its actions, and with a dark cloud hanging over all its practical energies.

In illustration of these remarks, we will translate a few brief extracts from these stories. A little boy has got upon a rope-swing, and being excited with the exercise, makes the swing go very high, though warned against it by two cautious companions, who had been told not to do so:—

The game had some while continued, when suddenly he became quite pale—his laughing ceased—his hand let go of the rope—and presently he fell from the highest sweep of the swing, down upon the hard ground. There he lay as if dead, and had broken his leg. He must be carried into the house, and suffer for his audacity by long pains.—*Die Schaukel.*

A little girl, named Meta, was very fond of playing with scissors, and of cutting things with them. On one of these occasions she heard her mother coming:—

In her haste and fright she missed her footing—fell, and with her face right on the sharp point of the scissors, which she had incautiously not yet laid down. The scissors ran through her left eye, and wounded her in the forehead. Meta screamed with the pain; suffered much, and remained, as long as she lived, blind of the wounded eye.—*Die Schere.*

The same unfortunate Meta has a bad habit of putting pins in her mouth, and the following "moral remedy" is accordingly administered:—

In her joy to see her good aunt, she forgot pins and all—ran to her—opened her mouth, and was about to speak. The pins fell upon the ground, but Meta swallowed one, and it stuck in her throat. * * The pin remained in her throat, and some days after, the poor thoughtless Meta died.—*Die Nadel.*

There is something of more than ordinary cruelty in making a child's natural impulse of joy at seeing a beloved person the immediate cause of her fatal accident. In the next story, a little boy has a great desire to ride on a horse, and gets upon the back of one accordingly:—

As the horse made a side spring, the little boy fell down under his feet; the animal leaped over him, and gave him so violent a blow with one hoof on his arm, that it was broken. There he lay, and was punished for his temerity. The broken arm caused him frightful pain, &c.—*Das Pferd.*

Poor child!—"punished for his temerity," as our "moralist" tells us. And where is the punishment for those who ought to prevent, and to look better after a child than to allow it to run into such dangers? If the child has done very wrong, somebody else has also done very wrong. Where there are horses, and fierce dogs, and rivers, and loaded guns, surely it is some fault not to look sharply after children. Warning and exhorting is not sufficient; for everybody must have observed, that children often will do things like grown-up people. Against birds'-nesting, also, our author gives a warning in his peculiar way. Gustave goes to a falcon's nest:—

The falcon flew raging upon Gustave's shoulder, into which he fixed his talons, and struck with his sharp beak at his face. He wounded the boy severely—tore out one eye—and did not relinquish his hold till Gustave took flight. His wounds were a long time healing—his eye was lost—and he remained a hideous object all his life. Thus had he at last become prudent, and left birds' nests in peace.—*Der Edelfulke.*

Such horrid vindictiveness is appropriately concluded by a malignant sneer. But what things for children to read as *morals*! Here is another, of two boys in a boat:—

Max screamed with all his might; because, as he could not swim, he feared to be drowned; but Victor remained very quiet, and relied upon his dexterity. Suddenly the boat ran against a tree-trunk—upset—and the boys fell into the water. Max was of course drowned, but Victor swam ashore, and was saved. He owed his life to his courage.—*Der Kahn.*

Say rather, to his cowardice and selfishness. The "moral" does not say one word about the boy who could swim not making the slightest attempt to save his companion who could not, or even thinking of such a thing. In the next story, two boys tease a dog, who breaks his chain and pursues their flight:—

The dog, however, was quicker—overtook David first, and then Jacob—threw them down upon the ground, and bit their faces, arms, and legs to pieces, so that they both died. Nobody lamented them, and everybody said it served them right; why did they so much torment the poor animal?—*Der Kettenhund.*

No doubt it was very wrong, and ought to have been prevented, or punished; but is the sympathy to be given only to the "poor animal" (who had so fully avenged himself), and no pity whatever to be felt for the poor boys, who had paid the forfeit of their error with their lives? The system is bad, and the examples are worse than even that bad system requires.

That children who are healthy and vigorous are pretty sure to run into all sorts of dangers, every one knows; and a tight hand, as well as a watchful eye, should be kept upon them. Words alone will not do, nor blows, nor broken limbs. Those who have charge of them should be full of foresight, and care, and prevention. In the story of 'Die Flinte' a father warns his little sons not to touch his fowling-pieces; and with "these words" he goes out and leaves them. The boys take down the guns, and play with them; and each shoots at the other, not knowing the guns were loaded. One boy's arm is so much mutilated that it must be amputated; and the other is much injured in the leg. "Ever since," sardonically observes our author, "ever since, they have let the fowling-pieces hang quietly!" This is not the way to speak to children. Besides, if this principle had been duly carried out, one of the guns ought to have had a double-barrel, and shot the father also, as a warning to all fathers not to leave loaded guns where there are children.

In addition to these fatal accidents, and "judgments upon" naughty boys, the book abounds with incidental touches of the same kind,—stings of adders, bites of apes, bruises by enraged turkey-cocks,—and alarming prints, such as a man and a boy pursued by a furious lion, a ferocious dog standing over a boy, a little boy tumbling headlong from a tower, another boy caught by one leg in a fox-trap, &c. If this book be of any use, it should only be regarded as a juvenile Black Book, from which a story should now and then be administered by a judicious person.

In a religious point of view, we also think such a work cannot have a beneficial influence. It must eventually teach a child to feel that it is never safe in the hands of Providence,—that some evil is always hanging over it. The volume, however, contains, here and there, a good story, such as those bearing the titles of 'Der Teppich,' 'Die Kegelbahn,' 'Der Löwe,' and 'Das Vogelnest.' From this latter, we will translate an extract, by way of reading the author "a lesson" out of his own book:—

In Waldmann's great court stood a blooming alder-tree. While Paul and Emily sat beneath it and chatted together, they occasionally saw a lovely little bird, which carried in his bill a ball of grass or a straw—flew into the alder-tree—hopped about—and soon again flew out. Another bird sat the whole day on a tree near it, and sang and chirruped from early morning till evening. "Listen, Emily," said Paul one day, "that is a pair of little thistle-finches, who are building themselves a nest." And truly, so it was. They searched, and discovered the nest;—looked in, and found four pretty little eggs. Full of joy, they ran to their father, and showed him the nest. "Yes, that is most charming," said their father; "only do not touch it, nor disturb the little creatures, but be nice and still in the court, or else the thistle-finches will fly away. In a short time, if you are obedient, I will give you a great pleasure with these birds." The children listened—kept themselves quiet, and crept only once in each day to the nest. They always found the thistle-finch therein, whom they looked at with cautious eyes, and frightened it not in the least. One morning, however, the eggs had disappeared, and in their place peeped out four little thistle-finches from the nest. There was a joy for the children! The parent bird brought food to the little ones in her bill.—*Das Vogelnest.*

Excite a child's curiosity in a bird's nest and its eggs; interest its imagination and its feelings in the parent birds, and its sympathies in the little ones: this will be far more efficient in preventing the child from birds'-nesting, than telling it a story of how a boy broke his leg, fractured his skull, or had one eye torn out. An affectionate internal influence is the only security in education.

A Journey from Naples to Jerusalem, by way of Athens, Egypt, and the Peninsula of Sinai, including a Trip to the Valley of Fayoum: together with a Translation of M. Linant de Bellefonds' 'Mémoire sur le Lac Mœris.' By Dawson Borrer, Esq. Madden & Co.

THAT this is the work of a young man, is a fact which, in our estimation, noways disparages its claims to favourable notice; on the contrary, the freshness and feeling to be consequently expected is rather a recommendation. There is, besides, a dash and an eloquence in Mr. Borrer's style, which is at least pleasant; that there is also mind to substantiate his remarks and descriptions becomes soon equally evident. Mr. Borrer reasons on what he sees. Thus, being led to the legendary "Grotto of St. Paul" at Citta Vecchia, he justly observes,—

"A marble statue of the apostle adorns this excavation in the natural rock, which otherwise is without ornament. 'Old man,' said I to the ancient individual that has the care of this church and cave, 'do you really suppose that St. Paul enjoyed here the

hospitality of Publius, the Roman Governor? do you think that the blessed apostle would have told us that Publius received him and lodged him courteously, if he had offered him such a gloomy cavern as this? Even refined Romans might have sometimes preferred grottoes to palaces during the great heat of summer, but St. Paul, in January, 61, surely would not have deemed this subterranean abode a pleasant one."

The good sense apparent in the above extract induces us to proceed with some confidence in our traveller's judgment. We will next join him at Athens:—

"Let him who wanders in the neighbourhood of Athens beware of the large and powerful race of dogs, with long coats and bushy tails, which infest her districts, and whenever opportunity occurs dissipate in the most summary manner all those classical ruminations which naturally invade the breast of him who breathes Athenian atmosphere. Wandering one day upon the banks of Ilissus, two of these fearful brutes came at us open-mouthed, following us with such pertinacity, that it was with the greatest difficulty that we managed to retreat unscathed to a commanding mass of rock, where, with our guns pointed at their heads, we shouted to their owner to call them off before we were driven to fire; an act we were rather wary of committing, as the penalty for shooting one of them obliges you to give the owner as much corn as will cover the dog when held up by the tail full stretch with its nose upon the ground; and a heavy penalty it is on account of the great size of these animals; yet may you kill them, it is said, with a sword without incurring this fine; for then close quarters and necessity are implied. Many buzzards circled above our heads during this skirmish, as if in full expectation of coming in for the jackal's share at last. Perhaps, however, they were more particularly gathered together to consult the entrails of a cow which was hanging up by the heels before an Athenian butcher a short distance off, the offal from which several of these loathsome birds were deeply consulting, and seemed to find the augury propitious. * * It was at Athens that we first saw the common oriental vase water-pipes; the kind most used in the public cafés is the *gosh*, the bowl for which containing the water is formed of a cocoanut shell, with a short cane tube fixed into it, through which the smoke is drawn, instead of the long flexible tube which is attached to the glass water-pipe called the *sheesh*. The tobacco smoked in these pipes is from Persia, and called *tumbak*, and is coarse and very strong unless smoked through water, and even then before being put into the cup of the pipe for use, it is necessary to have it well washed and squeezed, until a quantity of black oil runs from it. The strong inhalation necessary to produce the vacuum above the water in the vase, rendered the smoking of this kind of pipe unpleasant to me; for you literally "drink tobacco," as the Turkish expression for smoking signifies; a great portion of the smoke passing into your lungs. Orientals, however, delight in this, and letting the vapour ramble about in their internals for a time, then recall it, but still loth to part with it, often obstinately keep the mouth closed, thus forcing it to fly in beautiful jets from the nostrils. It is a pleasant thing to see the venerable Moslem perched on a gorgeous cushion, draw through a costly mouth-piece the luxurious whiff, and swallowing it, await the effect with a dignified gravity, for several moments; then, with a sigh, *sub imo pectore*, thus send it forth in spiral volumes from his nose."

The following description brings back the classic to the present:—

"In the afternoon a military band played in the great square, and a considerable crowd of people, gaily costumed, betokened this the fashionable promenade. The performance was nothing very creditable, though certainly superior to some which I heard, when strolling through the city towards evening by myself, a great clangor of musical instruments, or instruments deemed musical by the Greeks, struck upon my ear. Dulcimers and lutes, anything but soft-toned, mingled with the noise of shout and song. A procession drew near; two Greeks were dragging between them, by the arms, another of the same nation, in the gaudy Albanian dress, and ornamented with wreaths of flowers; as he lolled about from side to side I deemed him mad

with wine, but it proved that it was with love, for he was a bridegroom, and the marriage procession followed; male friends, in their richest dresses, trod in his wake, who, throwing their arms on high, "many Hymns sung." Then came numerous females, arrayed in fine apparel and showy ornaments, drawing on the fair virgin on the eve of departing from the train of Diana for the sake of our friend in front; female relatives sustained her trembling feet on either side, indeed almost bore her in their arms, as she reluctantly hung back; others threw themselves in attitudes of joy, and sang and danced, waving flowers before the betrothed. It was a curious and novel scene, and I followed them into the city, but, having an engagement, was compelled to return without seeing their destination."

Our readers cannot fail to perceive, that though Mr. Borrer's style has not the finish or the brilliancy of 'Eothen,' it has, nevertheless, something of its glow. The young blood dances in his veins while he writes. A description of the celebrated Obelisk at Heliopolis is marked with the author's characteristic and juvenile *cerce* :—

"A garden of oranges and pomegranates enclosed by a mud wall now surrounds this graceful remnant of the City of the Sun. As the curator of this garden employed more time than I had to waste, before bringing me the key of the door leading into it, annoyed at his apathetic progress, I scaled the wall; this put him on the *qui vive*, and pouring forth a torrent of curses, probably directed against my great-grandmother and my beard, he hastened towards me, fearing the loss of his backsheesh; but I neither noticed him nor his ejaculations, till he ran to a bush, and gathering some fine oranges, presented them to me. For minute descriptions of this obelisk, many travellers may be referred to. A peculiar species of bee, with black bodies and red heads, had marked out the hieroglyphics in a very praiseworthy manner; having filled every stroke of the chisel up with a light coloured clay, composing their habitations, and contrasting with the red granite of the monument itself. Just before arriving at the obelisk on the tract from Cairo, you pass the village of *Materieh* surrounded by beautiful groves, near one of which is a spring known by the name of *Ain-shems*, or Fountain of the Sun. The water that gushes from thence is of the purest quality, for it jetted forth to assuage the thirst of the Virgin Mary and Joseph, when wearied with their flight from the dominions of the relentless Herod, they tarried at this spot to rest; yet, according to the legend, even there they could not find the peace they sought, but fled beneath the foliage of a neighbouring sycamore fig, which opening its vast trunk, afforded them shelter within it. Some of the twigs of this tree, like a good pilgrim, I broke off and preserved as specimens. It is interesting, indeed, on another account: for of that species of timber were the ancient mummy cases made, which thousands of years have failed to decompose, of so durable a nature is the substance of the wood. My Copt attendant informed me that the fruit is not unpleasant, but of no fine flavour. It was now three or four months too early for me to prove it, as it does not ripen till June. In the great square at Cairo are two most noble trees of this species, but for centuries the Etesian winds have wreaked their fury on them, crippling in a melancholy manner their gigantic widespread branches. Mr. Woodhead and I had left Cairo in company to-day for Heliopolis, but perceiving in the outskirts of the city some peculiar birds, and having left my gun behind me, I turned my donkey's head, and urged him back to the hotel with the greatest speed he was capable of exerting; but trains of camels, some laden with millstones, and some with huge panniers full of mud, continually bore down upon us in the narrow streets, delaying our progress. Not heeding the fearful blows they bestowed upon us with their weighty burthens, onward they swung, with their heads high in air, and that peculiarly affected gait, which makes the camel one of the most ludicrous animals under the sun. Then would follow donkey after donkey, laden with broad hampers full of vegetables, or perhaps stones for building, which bang in a most unmerciful manner against the legs of the passenger. However, my little steed showed his wisdom whenever he met any of these his brethren laden with greenmeats; for, much to my

amusement, he would dash his nose into the passing pannier, and seizing a fine carrot, or other delicate morsel, trot off. At last he carried this too far, for selecting a fine large bunch of vegetables from the back of a passing friend, he took to his heels with an air of peculiar satisfaction not at all reciprocated by the owner of his prize, who infuriated gave chase, and with the most discordant yells, caught the robber vainly endeavouring to pass a train of hateful camels; showering bitter curses on my head, as if I was the thief, he seized his property and marched off. It is indeed almost impossible to ride through the streets of Cairo without a runner before you, armed with a good whip. This is especially necessary for a Frank, as he is always liable to insult when pushing his way through a Mahomedan crowd; particularly if he by any accident treads on the toes of a holy dervish, or a naked filthy saint, though the abominable state of impurity of the latter would always lead a Frank to avoid contact with him if possible. There were many instances of Franks being insulted whilst we were at Cairo, and some of these were very atrocious. Having obtained my gun from the hotel, I galloped back again towards Heliopolis to rejoin my friend. By the way I killed a swallow, distinguishable from the English bird, by having the whole of its breast and under part of a red copper colour. There were many flying about, and all of the same plumage; perhaps merely the winter southern plumage of the English one. Shooting a bird sitting on a palm tree, it fell over a lofty mud wall, which, with considerable difficulty, I scaled, and not dropping on the other side on the 'look before you leap' principle, found myself floundering in a pomegranate bush; thankful was I that it was not a prickly pear. Picking up my game, and gazing upon the beautiful orange grove around, my meditations were disturbed by a rush amongst the trees, and a rather excited voice, causing me to make for the wall again, at the top of which I arrived just in time to see a very ugly black emerge from the shrubs with a rough agricultural instrument in his hand. Greeting him from my elevated situation, with '*Salaam aleikoum*—peace be unto you!' he very much astonished me with a great display of oratory in his mother tongue, accompanied with the most exciting gesticulations and contortions; and as I deemed myself, in his eyes, a mere weed in the garden, I took the liberty of putting the wall between us. An uglier specimen of human kind I never met with; and if the tongue in which he spoke was Nubian, it is not an enchanting language by any means."

Take also an amusing corroboration of Lord Monboddo's theory:—

"At Ainshems, my guide, pointed to a naked boy, and shouting at the same time 'Signor! Signor! un ragazzo con una coda! (a boy with a tail.) I turned, and the youth exhibited to me an elongation at the base of the spine, having much the appearance of such an appendage in an incipient state, and which doubtless would have wagged when I gave him a piastre, if it had had the power. The father of the boy came forward, and seemed very proud of his son's remarkable ornament, probably deeming him on the high road to become a Pasha."

Our young traveller, however, deals seldom in speculation, and passes over the fact as "a fact, and nothing more." He, nevertheless, does sometimes theorize, and has some hypotheses on the characters of Mehemet Ali, and the great Mahomet, the prophet himself, which, as might be expected, are sufficiently crude. "The years that bring the philosophic mind" will doubtless correct his deficiencies in these matters: nay, so much of promise is there in the work before us, that we have reason to hope for a maturity productive of a rich harvest. But we must proceed to the Fayoum:—

"Our rest that night was very much disturbed, our fearful followers having gathered themselves and their jackasses so close around our tent, that every minute one or the other kicked against the ropes, much to our annoyance; neither did the mournful cries of trooping jackals, as they swiftly passed in the chase, or hovered about the encampment, tend to create sweet dreams. And then, alas! a mysterious sound was heard in the heavens, breaking the stillness of the night: it was the wild wind which, rush-

ing abroad in one fierce blast, swept the surface of the desert, laden with clouds of sand; our tent was down, almost before we could escape from the doorway, the ground giving no hold to the pegs; a circumstance we had noticed, but thought little of when we encamped, as the evening was remarkably calm, and no signs appeared at all of such a pending visitation. All was now hushed again! it was like the sudden bursting forth of an Alpine torrent, which one precipitated cloud, swelling in its fountains, onward rushes carrying all before it; yet in a few short hours is once more almost lost. Raising our fallen house, and fixing it to the best of our ability with a couple of long ropes for stays, tied to some neighbouring tamarisk bushes, we crept in, and slept until 'the glorious sun revealed the golden day:' then rose to bedeck ourselves with raiment full of sand, and wet with heavy dew. The men rose to feed the asses, but declared the Bedouins had robbed us of the stolen fodder, which they had overnight heaped near the tent; but we could not believe a Bedouin would have troubled himself to have done this, as a very short distance off there was plenty of the same growing. We drove the beasts, therefore, to get their breakfast, as they had done their supper, in a field of green standing corn. Leaving our tents pitched with the intention of afterwards returning to them before commencing the day's journey, we took our guns and walked across the plain of sand to the ruined city we had cursorily examined the day before, that we might take a last look at her desolation. Amongst the sand mounds (which were merely formed by the drifting surface arrested by the tamarisk bushes), were numerous tracks of different animals, chiefly jackals, gazelles, and partridges; but no living thing did we meet with. Arrived once more upon the summit of the hill where the ruins lay, we turned round before going farther, that we might notice well the direction of our tents, as a landmark to guide us back; but we gazed in vain: neither could we, with the assistance of a most excellent telescope, by any means discover them, until presently sweeping the country round, we beheld a file of asses and other beasts of burthen proceeding very quietly in full march to the west, and upon examination, the Greek dress of our servant betrayed them. This might have been a very awkward manoeuvre of theirs, as far as we were concerned, as, if we had not seen them as we did, we might have wandered about and starved, or prevented prowling wolves or hyenas from being so. Our indignation was therefore proportionably great, as we considered the risk; and rapidly we hurried on westward to overtake them, shouting lustily to no effect, as they were far off, indeed so far that the train looked more like a dark snake winding over the sand than a body of men and noble asses of Cairo. Traversing the plain again below the hill, we noticed large beds of petrified oyster shells, mingled with fossil bones and wood; of the former, I brought away a portion of the vertebrae of some large animal. Fragments of limestone lying about were also full of fossil shells, particularly a large species of screw. We collected several good specimens; but a traveller collects in the morning, and for various reasons casts away before night: so it was with these curiosities, for the weight and rapid accumulation of such things prohibit their preservation, otherwise we might have collected many beautiful and rare pebbles, fossils, &c., that often attracted our attention, making us long that a magic wish might transport them to a cabinet in England, without the trouble of taking them there. We now saw to our joy our Sheik in the distance, riding about, evidently seeking us; and, hearing us hailing him, he galloped towards us, mingling tokens of joy at our recovery with sighs of regret at our loss, for our manner did not betoken us very well pleased, as may be supposed; and doubtless he thought his tobacco-bag might not be so well filled for the future. However, he was a very good fellow in the main, and we did not accuse him so bitterly as our Greek, whom we lectured in a very emphatic manner, but did not actually put to death upon the spot, as we meditated at one time, if we ever reached him again. No satisfactory explanation regarding this extraordinary movement on the part of master Elias was ever arrived at by us; he having rapidly dwindled in our estimation ever since leaving Cairo, this brought it to a climax, and we regarded

him with an eye of suspicion. * * During the evening several Egyptians and Albanians stationed themselves about our tent. One of the former, an old man with a grey beard, spun a yarn for the benefit of the surrounding audience: he never hesitated a moment, neither did he ever vary his tone or expression in the least, but kept on at a most astonishing rate, without the slightest apparent intention of every coming to the termination of his tale; so we retired to rest, his monotonous tone being the last sound that struck upon our ears before wrapped in slumber, from which, however, we were presently awakened by a loud report, followed by the whistling of a bullet, then immediately a second, with the same accompaniment: listening for a moment to see if this visitation was to be repeated, or merely indicated a freak of some passing Albanians making a target of our tent, we unconsciously dropped off to sleep again, without rising from our mats. In the morning it proved that Elias had seen a fellow entering the tent in a stealthy manner, upon which he fired at him with his pistols, and said he believed he wounded him. This nocturnal intruder was, without doubt, meditating purloining some of our property; and it struck us as very probable that the old tale-teller had kept up his monotonous romance to engage the attention of our company whilst his friend foraged around."

The following natural descriptions are interesting:—

"Troops of jackals, after dark, serenaded us with their mournful yelpings, of all cries the most sad and melancholy. Imagine some dozen children of tender age, mourning and sobbing to allay their pain, then bursting forth in chorus with bitter and heartrending lamentation; such is the cry of the jackal. The soul of a tender mother would be rent, her heart would burst with grief, and her eyes with tears, if the jackal's wild complaining note struck upon her ear. We thought we should have become 'a portion for the foxes'; but an Egyptian cemetery nigh at hand was doubtless their court, for they delight in sacrilegious violations of the dead. But another sound far more mysterious than their ululations haunted me as, crouching upon my face near the tent, I patiently awaited the approach of these clamorous visitors; it was a sound I could not at all comprehend, but after a time arrived at the conclusion that a body of men were wading across the canal, there being a most infernal commotion of the waters, a most astonishing splashing and spluttering! Summoning Elias from the tent, we both listened, and were both equally confounded, until drawing cautiously nearer to the scene of action the mystery was unravelled. Thousands and tens of thousands of huge fish were leaping and plunging in nocturnal gambols, disturbing the face of the waters, and our eganinity; the whole flood seemed composed of fish: enough were here to supply the Queens of Egypt with perfumes and rich robes from the age of Maria even until this day, had they been caught and converted into talents of silver as of old! Some pelicans upon the canal were also adding their clamour to these mingled sounds of fish and jackals; it is a hideous noise that this bird makes; a kind of unpleasant snoring deep but loud. Our Albanian, by some cunning manoeuvre, managed to shoot one of them during the night, and came labouring in with it upon his back, for its weight was enormous, and its admeasement, from the tip of one wing to that of the other, ten feet and four inches, whilst from the tip of the bill to the point of the tail was six feet three inches; the length of the bill, from the eye to the tip, being exactly eighteen inches and a-half. The flesh of this bird is said to be pretty good, but coarse; Belzoni compares it to mutton. We wished some of this one cooked, but it was not; therefore, we had no opportunity of confirming that traveller's opinion. The night passed without further disturbance, our worst enemies having been the jackals."

We shall recur to this volume.

Zoe; the History of Two Lives. By Geraldine E. Jewsbury. 3 vols. Chapman & Hall.

THE name affixed to this new novel awakens regrets and recollections,

Tender, and gravely sweet.—

Miss Jewsbury the elder was one of our coadjutors in the long-past days of our struggle: and the circumstance which made it then impossible for us to publicly speak of her merits as a writer, renders it only the more pleasing to recall them; the more so, as the form of publication through which she addressed the public was calculated to preclude that minute and respectful consideration which her high gifts demanded. Her best thoughts were given to the periodicals—among which they still lie scattered. Yet quicker impulses, sounder conclusions, an imagination more fanciful; purposes more noble, or a more eager thirst after wisdom and goodness for their own sakes—have rarely distinguished any of the honourable and honoured line of authoresses. Small peculiarities of sect (so to say) and of circumstance, were beginning to fall away from her: her mind showed signs that it was deepening and expanding; her energies were in process of concentration, at the moment when the last sad summons came. There is no forgetting Miss Jewsbury, whenever the gifted women of England are brought under notice.

To us, moreover, her distinctive gifts and graces are recalled with more than usual emphasis on the present occasion, by a certain crotchet (not to call it theory) of imaginative and artistic resemblances, which we have found, or fancied amongst sisters. The minds of a household of men become as different as their fortunes; so rarely does it happen that, during that critical period of life, when character and opinion are in the mould, any two are subjected to a like pressure of influence and circumstance. Differences of age, again, tend far less to produce diversities of sympathy, and restraint of intercourse among women than betwixt men. The call on them for independent action is less frequent. Though years of separation—and the chasm which no earthly love or solicitude can bridge over—have intervened between 'The Three Histories' of the elder, and the 'Zoe' of the younger sister, it was natural to expect that the latter might bear traces of precept and direction, nay even of modes of expression, originated in the former. At all events, we could not look for a mere circulating-library novel from one bearing the name of our authoress.

'Zoe' proves, in good part, that our general theory does not lack examples to illustrate it, and that our particular anticipation was anything but baseless. Without any of the parroting which is impossible to the sincere speaker, we find in its unconscious imitation:—something of the late Miss Jewsbury's predilection for aphorism, analysis, and definition; though less of that fervid and poetical eloquence to which she could rise when the subject was important enough to absorb her personality. Miss Geraldine Jewsbury, too, as her sister did before her, plays with her story rather than tells it. We doubt whether 'Zoe' was commenced with any settled plan or purpose;—whether its writer's mind itself, as well as her creative instincts, may not have changed betwixt the commencement and the close of her labours. Too little of the tale-teller's art is visible: and sense without a story in a novel satiates as much as story without sense is apt to weary the reader. Further, we observe in our authoress that tendency to fly at every game, which, though courageous, is indiscreet. A supper at the Baron d'Holbach's, to be rightly novelized, demands a writer as witty as Diderot,—must we not add, as fearless as an Encyclopedist? Neither is Mirabeau, even when sketched in a phase of his loveliness, quite as manageable as the Mandeville and Montmorency tribe of Lovelaces, in whom all the lady-novelists, from Mademoiselle de Scuderi down to Mrs. Gore, have so delighted. In brief, Miss Geraldine Jewsbury seems to us to have perilled

her fiction from that besetting malady of such young writers as are thoughtful rather than impulsive,—a feverish apprehension of quiet pages. Yet such are often "landing-places," to adopt one of Coleridge's quaint designations, where the mind of the reader rests agreeably, ere preparing for a fresh start.

Perhaps, in place of these general observations, some notice of the "works and days" commemorated in 'Zoe,' might by some be found more acceptable. But to give an outline of the story would demand a larger space than lies at our disposal. Suffice it to say, the heroine is a lady strangely born, tossed about from hand to hand rather than educated, who becomes, in the end, one of those bewitching, exceptional, incomprehensible creatures, so dear to novelists,—so murdering to the peace of mankind, their own inclusive. She gets married, by accident rather than choice, to a man older than herself, and whose character is as misty in its narrower circle as her own in the eccentric superabundance of its fascinations. Subsequently, Zoe is thrown into the company of an interesting Catholic priest, who has also become a priest by accident rather than conviction; has oscillated between implicit and devout trust and that tempting scepticism which goes far to question every act and canon of faith, and who only wants the disturbing influence of mundane passion, to break from the routine of clerical habits, and to disown a creed, of the truth of which he never felt assured. But Miss Jewsbury—worthily resolute to avoid tampering with excitements more enticing than wholesome—permits Everhard's love to be returned and disclosed, with no darker consequences than an irrevocable parting, and the impression that two existences are thereby destroyed for ever. Zoe and Everhard meet once again, it is true, but under awful circumstances, by which all rebel passion is extinguished. The secondary characters of the tale are numerous; but, like the principal ones, they are somewhat purposelessly manoeuvred, and too often made the channel for speculation and opinion, in place of agents towards the carrying on the main or episodic action of the plot.

Let it not be supposed, however, that the favourable predisposition which we have acknowledged, has induced us to lavish space on what is unworthy, or to make the best of what is inferior. 'Zoe' contains matter enough to demand attention, and to indicate an original mind, though it may not ultimately prove the mind of a novelist. We should imagine Miss Jewsbury better qualified to succeed in essays and speculative papers, than in descriptions of character as it is, or society as it has been.

Letters of a German Countess; written during her Travels in Turkey, Egypt, the Holy Land, Syria, Nubia, &c., in 1813-4. By Ida, Countess Hahn-Hahn. 3 vols. Colburn.

LORE since [*Athen.* No. 881.] we made our readers acquainted with the above correspondence, while yet it remained a sealed book to the many. We welcome the present translation all the more, as affording us an agreeable reminiscence, and an opportunity for making them better acquainted with a charming book. Our former extracts, from their brevity, will admit of many additions; and there is so much good matter in these letters, that it would be unfair to omit occasions of drawing attention to it. As for the letters themselves, the Countess volunteers a proper description of them, in a dedication to her mother:—

"On Monday, I saw a thing on one side and wrote to you about it; on Wednesday I observed it on another, and gave you my further remarks. Explanations, supplements, which you would like

to have at first, you find perhaps ten Letters off—perhaps not at all, when I thought no more of the subject; a circumstance very likely to happen on a journey abounding in new and strange impressions. Repetitions, too, sometimes occur: for instance, I advert rather frequently to the stars and to the air; but they are favourites with me, and make me happy, so have mercy upon them!—But I ask no mercy for having on every occasion declared my faith, my convictions, my opinions, with perfect sincerity, without reserve or disguise; for though you are the only person in the wide world for whom I feel an awe, yet you have always suffered me to take my own ways, distant and different as they may be from yours, and granted me the free developments of my faculties, the results of which are my faith and my opinions."

Having already given the *route* taken by the lively and versatile Countess, we have nothing left to do but to dip in the book for entertaining specimens. The state of society in Silesia is thus depicted:—

"In Berlin, an amiable friend, who belongs herself to one of the first Silesian families, said to me, 'In Silesia, people will not speak to you till they know your pedigree.' I can, however judge from my own experience alone. I have experienced a most friendly reception, an hospitable attention, which shows an interest in the stranger and yet leaves him at perfect liberty. But, as I belong to the 'caste,' as people now say—and besides, am just now the fashion, as I say to myself—that assertion may be on the whole correct. Noble and not noble are said to be strictly separated in society, and this is not to be effected without a strong spirit of caste—especially in Prussia, where the prodigiously extensive host of placemen, with its various ramifications, forms a very numerous and important class, into which people are received without regard to birth, and attain to the highest posts in the State, and of course cannot possibly be excluded from the first society. Under such circumstances, it must require most skillful management to keep the caste pure. For my part I believe that there will soon be no other nobility but that which consists of servants of the State, nearly the same as in Russia; whoever holds this or that office is noble, be he even the son of a peasant. The period of history which began with the Reformation, about three hundred and fifty years ago, and established nobility and church upon the footing on which they still subsist, is approaching to its end—that is undeniable; for the forms in which both institutions still continue to exist, have ceased to content any one. They are decaying, giving way, cracking, and breaking on all sides, and the minority only yet cling tenaciously to them. To harmonize the present with the past, the fragments that still protrude from the one into the other, appears to me useless. One ought to strive, on the contrary, to harmonize the future with the present; this must be the task of those superior minds, who cast a prophetic glance over their own time, and also into that which is approaching, and who are never so necessary for nations as just now, at the moment of a closing period. On what basis the company at Warmbrunn will be organized a century hence, I shall not pretend to decide; at present they amuse themselves there extremely well with balls, assemblies, parties of pleasure to points more or less distant in the surrounding country, and in bad weather they have the public room and a neat little theatre. The drama seems to be a great favourite in Silesia. Not only at Warmbrunn and Salzbrunn, where it has been introduced for the entertainment of the visitors to the baths, but also in very small towns, with a few thousand inhabitants, there are playhouses. The people, certainly, need pleasure, amusement, as well as we, and have, from the olden times, had and been passionately attached to their dramatic entertainments, their parish feasts, and archery meetings, their religious and profane festivals, at which there was always enough to be seen; but this fondness for the theatre appears to be most particularly to be regretted. Genuine art does not find its way to those stages, and if it did, it would not make an impression on the unpractised taste, which, chiefly demands performances full of show and bustle. The

fondness for the theatre attests a certain morbid longing for amusement, and a thirst for sensual excitement, which, in this sphere, appear to me the more melancholy the more difficult they are to satisfy. It is not very long since there were no theatres in Switzerland, because the little republics feared that vanity and a love of diversions and dissipation would be fostered to an extent for which the limited circumstances of those times afforded no scope. Such patriarchal precautions, indeed, are out of season now, and perhaps people would be all the better if a great number of prohibitions were removed, and governments were to say to them, 'Say, see, hear, write, read, what you please, and show, in doing so, that you are rational creatures.'"

Take as a pendant to the above, a picture of Hungarian manners:—

"Pesth is a handsome town, regularly built, with large houses, straight streets, 60,000 inhabitants, whose traffic and industry are greatly facilitated by its low situation close to the river; with a fine theatre, a museum that is now building, and a suspension-bridge existing in the plan: consequently it is approximating to the wants of the age. As for the bridge, some of the piers for which, as well as the plan, are in existence, the prosecution of that work has been stopped, as I am told, by the circumstance that the Hungarian nobility refuse to pay the toll which is indispensably necessary for defraying the cost, contending that the people alone must pay it, as it has hitherto been customary. But, as the Hungarian nobility call themselves *liberal par excellence*, it is difficult to believe this report, and for their honour I will not believe it. To the term *liberal*, no signification whatever is beginning to be attached. It always reminds me of the greens and the blues in the time of the Eastern Roman empire, which were originally denominations for the charioteers in the Circus, and were afterwards applied to political parties. To be liberal for one's own profit, as the Hungarian nobility must be, if what I am told of their oppression of a peasantry be true; or as the lawyers are with you in Holstein; or like the Poles, who struggle against the Russian authority, while their common people are held in servitude; is what I cannot comprehend. Whoever desires improvements in a liberal sense, namely, the universal and equal division of rights, as well as of burdens, among all, must not expect any profit from this division, but be the first to make personal sacrifices—he must be such a man, as I am told, Count Stephen Szecheny is in this country. If one looks for a profit from it, the being liberal is but a sort of trade, a source of subsistence, like the carpenter's or the baker's, only with this difference, that it is not so honourable. This, therefore, is my most decided opinion, liberal, as I understand the term, without profit, with sacrifices only, none but the nobility can be, and none but the ancient nobility, supported upon landed property, wealth, long family distinction, such nobility as still exists in the magnates of this country; and it grieves me when they neglect to be so. I am quite aware that the nobility, when they renounce their rights, liberties, and immunities, cease to be what they were. But we are in the last chapter of their epoch, and it would at least be commendable that they should find a glorious end, such an end as sows seed for the future, but does not allow them to be ground to dead dust by the present. Here, my dear brother, you have my opinion, and I hope that I have at the same time expressed yours. We now know what we ought to think of the different classes of liberals; and I assure you that it is something extraordinary, if now-a-days two persons agree, not in sentiments—ah no! in words only. But whenever mention is made of institutions which conduce to the general advantage or promote general interests—of steam navigation, high roads, a national museum, that suspension-bridge,—the name of Count Szecheny is always placed foremost, and that is a high and honourable distinction for such a name. Buda and Pesth have so arranged it between them that they form conjointly the capital of Hungary. While the former is the residence of the Palatine and the seat of the highest political and military authorities of the kingdom, the latter is the centre of the commerce of Hungary; but they contain nothing whatever remarkable, neither fine buildings, antiquities,

collections of art, nor churches. Nay, what struck me still more, Pesth has not even a promenade, and Buda a miserable one. Probably, people here follow the Italian custom of walking about the streets only when they choose to go abroad. Upon the whole, everything here seems to me to have much of a southern air. People do not merely walk—they sit, work, sleep, eat, and drink in the street. Almost every third house is a coffee-house, with a broad verandah, around which are ranged sofas and blooming oleanders. Incredible quantities of fruit, grapes, plums, particularly melons, and heaps of water-melons, are offered for sale. Unemployed labourers lie, like lazzaroni, on the thresholds of their doors or on their wheelbarrows, enjoying the siesta. Women sit before the doors, chatting together and suckling their infants. The dark eyes, the loud deep voices, here and there the piercing eyes, are all southern. The dress of the women is distinguished by nothing but a large ungraceful cotton handkerchief upon the head, which covers all the hair, and by bare feet. The men wear an outer garment that strikingly resembles a woman's night-dress. Breeches, waistcoat, shirt, appear to be all of one piece, of white linen, descending from the neck to the heels, wide and full of plaits like a woman's gown. When they have taken off the broad-brimmed hat, and tied an apron before them, as they do in many occupations, I cannot help saying, 'What tall women those are!' Clumsy boots complete this most simple costume, to which is sometimes added a dark blue waistcoat, without sleeves, but with many white buttons. This is only the lower class of the people, probably most of them country folk, who have come to the fair, but is most striking; for strongly marked physiognomies and prominent cheek-bones appear among them. Almost all have black, some of them curly, hair; with straw-coloured or absolutely red, they look hideous. The children appear to me like young wild beasts. Their dress is really not much more than a somewhat looser skin; naked feet, bare head, bristling hair, excessively rapid motions, a scrutinizing, yet shy look, gave me this impression. Now and then, but very rarely, you see men in the dress that is called pre-eminently the Hungarian, a jacket profusely braided, with double sleeves. Still more rare is a man without beard and without pipe. Beards, of which I cannot take it for granted that they are combed and cleaned every morning, are suspicious to me—and these were excessively so; but, at any rate, they give the people a certain martial air, which I like better than the military one to which we are accustomed in North Germany; for the one is natural, the other the effect of training. As I have done nothing for the last two days but stroll about the streets, peering right and left, I can speak of nothing else but what I see there; and every moment the earnest wish arises within me, 'Oh! that I could draw!' But it is very extraordinary that I can do nothing of all that I learned, or for which, at least, I have had a master; and the only thing that I have not been taught—to write a book—I can do. I wonder that artists do not come to this country; they would find abundant subjects. Under the gateway of a large house a fruit-seller had very carelessly exposed his goods; the water-melons were laid upon the ground. There he too lay stretched himself, under a fine oleander-tree, with the pipe in his mouth, thoughtfully contemplating the clouds of smoke that he puffed from it. The broad hat threw a deeper shade over his dark face, and the contrast between that black grave head, and the rose-coloured blossoms which waved over it was really superb."

We must now return, not exactly to Silesia, but to the County of Glatz,—a small district, originally belonging to Bohemia, but united by the seven years' war with Silesia:—

"The bathing-places in the County—yes, they are remarkable, my dear mother, that is to say, remarkably bad. So total a destitution of all that constitutes comfort can scarcely be imagined in these our days; it borders on the comic, especially in what relates to beds, which, for domestic economy, are made so short and narrow that none but a pygmy race could lie at ease in them. On this scanty bedstead are piled burly feather-beds, which

always, and here in particular, produce a certain close smell; and, if you have them removed, you get nothing but a hay mattress, which also has not the most agreeable scent. The bed-clothes are spread over this—sheets not much larger than a pocket-handkerchief, and not clean unless you expressly desire such. Would you believe it?—on all the room-doors of the inns you find a list of prices posted up, and there you read with inexpressible astonishment: a bed costs so or so much; with clean sheets a few groschen more. I was reminded of the village inns in Spain, where the public room is provided with wash-basin and towel for general use. The petty towns of the County, Glatz, Habelschwert, are chiefly visited, no doubt, by such travellers only who are not over-nice on this point of community of property; and to the bathing-places to which Silesians and some Poles alone resort, they travel with bag, baggage, and an entire household establishment. They then take a lodging, fill it with their own things, and feel quite comfortable—at least at Landeck, where many families pass the summer. The inns are, in consequence, detestable."

Some of the scenery of the spot is pleasingly described; but we prefer the human interest:—

"While the mountains of the County continue to descend by gradually subsiding ramifications into Moravia, the character of the country remains nearly the same, only the long Moravian villages, built street-wise, have an unpleasant appearance without either trees or water. On the other hand, they have, but only for the space of fifteen or twenty miles, surprisingly beautiful women—beauties of a most peculiar character: the face rather broad, and also the upper part of the nose; large, brilliant, dark eyes, a pale yellow complexion, and entwined about the black hair a flowered handkerchief, which is wound turban-fashion over the forehead, and the two ends of which hang down at the temples. This head-dress, over faces of that cast, reminds one of Egyptian statues. As it was Sunday and fine weather, I enjoyed the sight of them seated at their doors or walking about. A few miles farther, every thing is lost in breadth, female faces as well as landscape; and I really believe that night, which gradually closed in, did not conceal any beauty from my view."

Sometimes the Countess shows an originality of feeling, which is worth noting:—

"I have been at Schönbrunn, in the beautiful garden which comprehends within itself all sorts of gardens. It is solemn and majestic, with its endless hedges and alleys, as far as the Gloriette, where you have a beautiful point of view; then it assumes a more free, unrestrained, and parklike character. A lovely Jardin des Plantes, in which wooden tickets to the trees and flowers are not the most conspicuous objects, adjoins it, and a menagerie, containing foreign and wild beasts, lies quite familiarly between the promenades. I have no sympathy for these beasts. People are always exclaiming: 'How intelligent is the elephant! how majestic the lion!' &c., and in a state of freedom they may be so; but, in confinement, I find them only disagreeable, and the elephant is absolutely hideous from his clumsy figure. But one animal touches me inexpressibly, and that is the eagle, for he furnishes in his cage a most painful picture of the hardships of imprisonment. There he sits motionless; not a feather stirs; he seems to have hardened himself into stone against his fate; nothing lives in him but his eye, and that is an eye of wonderful beauty, resembling the human eye, not round as a ball, like that of other birds, but having the upper lid somewhat depressed, and therefore more oval. And with this melancholy eye, glistening like metal, in which the expression of his life is concentrated, and which is in constant motion, he never looks at men, his tormentors, but always into vacant space. One cannot say that he shuns the sight of man; no, he does not notice him. It is as though he feels that their eyes were not made to meet one another. Now this eagle, so majestic and poetic in his melancholy, lives to be very old in confinement, much older than in a state of freedom, and for this very reason, because he is abundantly supplied with food, whereas in his eyry he is often

on short commons. But is this existence a life for an eagle? I, for my part, am for liberty, scanty fare, and a short life."

There is something curious in the following account of the gypsies on the Lower Danube:—

"This singular houseless race, which has no abiding place on earth, and nowhere leaves permanent traces behind it, roves about in great number on the Lower Danube, on both banks. These people live only in tents outside the towns; in winter, in holes underground, or in caves and woods. They subsist by begging and stealing, musical performances and tinkering: some are good black-miths. Most of them are Christians, following all sorts of pagan customs; as to others, nobody knows whether they belong to any religious communion or not; they are like the beasts of the desert, wild, unruly, and free, having no intercourse with other men, among whom they cannot bear to be. Nobody knows what is their origin—nobody can form an idea whether they are susceptible of any civilization. They pass on mysteriously through ages, as if enveloped in a dark cloud. Missionaries and Bible Societies venture to penetrate to the most savage tribes of Africa, Asia and Australia—the gypsies they do not venture to visit. The gypsy is abandoned to his fate, and the only notice taken of him is to oblige him to pay a tax; namely, a ducat per head every year. According to the account of a German settled at Jassy, who had been our fellow-traveller from Pesth, this tax is introduced at least into Moldavia, where there are half a million of gypsies. The rich boyar is exempt from tax—not so the gypsy. Is not that extraordinary? They are divided, like the ancient Romans, into sections of ten, one hundred, five hundred, and the chief of the five hundred is held responsible for the tax. Thus all that these people know of the state of human society is the burden which they are forced to bear. However, they enjoy a right: a horde of gypsies must be allowed to stay three days wherever they think proper to pitch their camp, though, bearing a very bad character, they are almost always unwelcome. Yes, I have to-day beheld Turkish and gipsy abodes face to face. Still stranger phenomena will come by and by."

The following remarks upon the harem are more sensible than some we have recently met with:—

"I can imagine how a harem becomes a hot-bed of all bad qualities, the germs of which lie dormant in the character of woman. Always surrounded by rivals, always encompassed and watched by those hideous monsters, the eunuchs, always unoccupied; jealousy, envy, hatred, love of intrigue, a boundless desire to please, must spring up and take possession of the soul. One is anxious to conquer the hated rivals—that is inherent in the nature of every woman: and let people say that women in the East are accustomed to the harem, and that habit renders every thing endurable, nay, easy, this is one of those trite, half-true phrases. Yes, their necks have been bowed to the yoke of the harem, and they have become accustomed to its forms, but their instinct struggles against its nature—I will not say their conscience, for that may waken in but few—no, instinct, irrepressible, almighty. As it is not tempered and governed by any culture of mind and heart, how can it avoid leading to the most violent explosions, to the lowest vulgarities, to the greatest cruelties! The harem is the very place for spoiling the character of woman, and it is a pity that it is covered with a veil impenetrable to European eyes. I hope, it is true, to gain admittance to a harem, that I may see Turkish females unveiled in their own house, and at the same time observe their behaviour to strangers; but, how things go on there every day, how the women agree together, how far the authority of the legitimate wife—for excepting the sultan, the Turks have one or two legitimate wives—extends over the slaves, and these too may attain the honour of favouritism with the master—this must remain a mystery. Perhaps it conceals cruel and melancholy secrets. At any rate, the harem has produced one fruit which has essentially contributed to the decline of the empire, namely, the education of princes, or rather their existence, in it. To prevent wars between brothers, family feuds, insurrections of relatives, Mahomed II. made the

execution of brothers and kindred a law of the State for every sultan on ascending the throne. Thus Selim I., on his accession in 1512, caused two brothers and five nephews to be put to death, and Mohamed III., in 1595, nineteen brothers, not from particular cruelty, but in cold blood in virtue of the law, that they might not disturb the government. When, after the seventeenth century, the times became less sanguinary, less steeped in horrors, the princes were kept from their cradle in the harem, that all ambitious and high-spirited ideas might be totally eradicated among eunuchs, women, and slaves, and that the sovereign might have nothing to fear. Their apartment in the harem was called the Princes' Cage. From this cage, when the reigning sultan died, his successor was taken, of course utterly inexperienced, without any knowledge of men, things, or circumstances, quite ready to vegetate upon the throne, as were the other princes to continue to vegetate in the Cage to the end of their lives. Sultan Abdul Medjid also was brought up in the harem; his father, it is said, did not wish to have an able successor. On this soil, nothing vigorous, I might say nothing healthy, can grow."

The Countess much wished to see the women unveiled, and was gratified with the sight of an Armenian group:—

"At length, we came to an unveiled group of females, which certainly looked picturesque enough. To the strong boughs of an elm was attached a swing formed of cords, in which was seated a young female, whom two women servants alternately kept in motion; while an elder person squatted on a carpet under the tree, and played mechanically with small stones. The dragoman requested permission for us to approach nearer and to look at her dress, which the lady on the carpet readily granted. She rolled herself to one side of it; I seated myself by her; the young person, hastily leaving her swing, squatted down by me, the servants behind us, and then commenced, by means of the dragoman, a conversation, which might have been listened to with interest in any drawing-room in Europe—we talked about dress. What pleased them most about mine was my blue veil, but what struck them most was my *lorgnon*, through which they looked with such curiosity as if they expected all at once to see sky-blue trees and a green sky. Their dress was the indoor costume of all Turkish ladies; wide trousers; a very close, long gown, slit into three aprons, as it were, the foreparts of which are drawn through the belt and form a sort of tunic; very narrow sleeves which, likewise slit up, hang down to the knees, but can be closed by means of buttons; no shoes, the one with stockings, the other with none, and on the head the red fez with blue tassel, with a broad band of yellow silk *filet*, resembling lace fastened with glittering pins to the superb black hair, which fell in half braided tresses, and in parts quite loose, over neck, bosom, and shoulders. The material of their dresses was muslin of the most gaudy colours, lemon yellow, rose, and a stuff which is made at Brusa of silk and cotton, and has more sober colours. As both ladies, especially the elder, were strikingly handsome, they looked to me, beneath the brilliant sky, on the greensward, in the sunshine, like magnificent tulips. The elder had wonderfully beautiful black eyes, and a soft animated look. Her features were delicate and noble, but her face and still more her figure were broad and corpulent. The features of the younger were not regular, but her complexion was fresh and delicate as the morning red; she had small, handsome, light-grey eyes, with narrow, straight black eyebrows—but a look hard and spiteful enough to frighten one. The former only it was that looked to me like a tulip—the latter like a beautiful wild beast. Their hair-pins and rings were of base metal, consequently they themselves were but of inferior condition. Persons of the higher class wear, I am told, very costly jewellery. They showed no shyness towards the men, and at last they proposed to give me a swing. I concluded that the conversation was exhausted, and we took our leave."

Here, too, we must take our leave, for the present, of these volumes; but we shall recur to the work.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Napoleon: an Epic Poem in Twelve Cantos, by W. R. Harris.—The author of this nondescript piece of inanity tells us that he is "deeply impressed with the feeling that the very idea of writing an epic poem in our times will be considered a proof of great daring;" and then adds, "No poet in England since Milton, I believe, and none in Germany since Klopstock, has ventured to attempt it." Now this is really an astounding assertion! Why it was only the other day that we reviewed an epic on King Alfred of such compass and gigantic proportions, that the poem(?) before us compared therewithal is but as a weasel to a whale. There is an epic poem also on the same theme by a Poet Laureate of the name of Pye; and the late Mr. Southey himself indulged the world with three works having epic claims.—Joan of Arc, 'Madoc,' and 'Roderick the last of the Goths.' English and German literature, too, we believe, contains such names as Cowley, Blackmore, Cumberland, Glover, J. Montgomery, Voss, Goethe, and many more, who may be said at least to have "ventured to attempt" the epopee, whatever opinion may be formed of their success. If Mr. Harris denies these men to be poets, we are prepared to rejoin, that they are, perhaps, as much entitled to the appellation as himself; yet we doubt whether he would concede so much, considering his recorded opinion of his own qualifications, as intimated by his recollection of the early childhood of Napoleon, Newton, Pope, and himself!

Napoleon's childhood—scornful and reserved—
By sullen gloom o'ercrest, to wrathful ire
Easily kindled—was indicative
Of future greatness—fierce, abrupt, and proud;
The child indeed "the father of the man!"
He spurned all knowledge, save of warlike strife;
His toy—a cannon, and the well-charged mine
And turf-built fort, his pastime and delight;
His day dream—slaughter; his night-vision—blood!
Thus Newton blew his bubble world around,
Enraptured eyeing their prismatic hues;
Thus Pope in childhood sought the forest shade,
Lisp'g sweet numbers to the sighing glade;
Thus he, who now adventures tardy, pours
Heroic lay, from earliest infancy
Court'd, enamour'd, Milton's flowing strain,
Mute—till a heavenly theme his fancy fired!

Small indication here of Miltonic harmony, and as little in other parts of the production; still less indicative of Mr. Harris having learned the epic art from the Bard of Paradise. These cantos, indeed, are biographical, not epic; beginning from Napoleon's birth, and ending with his flight from Moscow. What the writer means by describing his "theme" as "heavenly," we know not, seeing that he takes every opportunity of abusing his hero—sure sign that the argument must seek another poet. Enough, however, on such imbecility, though gorgeously printed, illustrated, and bound.

The Spinster at Home, in the Close of Salisbury; no Fable: together with Tales and Ballads, by Miss Child.—Another specimen of vanity well printed, bound, and illustrated. It is a mere topographical compilation in wretched doggerel. Such exhibitions of weakness on the part of persons educated, and holding some position in society, we suppose—certainly rich enough to get up their publications in a very costly style—are deplorable.

St. Etienne: a Romance of the First Revolution, by Miss Martin, 3 vols.—There is too much of this romance: the matter for five volumes, or thereabouts, being squeezed into the fatal three. Nor is Miss Martin quite a Richardson, or a George Sand, or a Eugene Sue, to make us forget time and space, by her narrative power. Still, there is much in 'St. Etienne' of good romantic quality, and for descriptive picturesqueness, the authoress need "veil her bonnet" to few of her contemporaries: while her characters are drawn with more force than often belongs to heroes and villains imagined by "the Women kind." The announcement of the "First" French "Revolution," as the time of the tale, and the explanation that St. Etienne is a superb old chateau, belonging to a noble family on the verge of La Vendée, will at once prepare the experienced reader for the death in *terrore*, which, throughout the book, hangs over the head of the hero, the Chevalier de Laroche-noire, and for the manner in which, by the agency of a Marquis de Pomenars, desirous of marrying the broad lands and heavy money-bags of St. Etienne in the person of its daughter, the doom and danger are extended to her

recusant father. Yet, further to complicate this desperate situation of affairs, while the Marquis de Pomenars is occupied in pressing his suit, with the aid of his creature Dumenil (since your villain must ever, like "the swans on sweet St. Mary's lake,

Float double, rogue and shadow,)

he becomes so fascinated by Madame de Laroche-noire, that she, too, is dragged into the toils: her indignant virtue only serving to precipitate the catastrophe and prepare for herself a fearful death. In short, we are somewhat wearied with woe, perfidy, and mishap during the progress of the tale. It is hardly in the range of literary probabilities, that one so well endowed as Miss Martin should not write again. We must, therefore, remind her, save in exceptional cases, brevity is the soul of "interest," as well as of wit; yet more, that be the gloom and the tears and the storm of mortal trial ever so oppressive, there is, as the author of 'Orion' says,

always morning somewhere in the world.

The Templar, a Novel, by the Author of 'Hymeneus.'—It may be feared that 'Hymeneus' has long since gone to the trunk-makers; at all events, "nor charm, nor alchemy, nor elixir," will hold back 'The Templar.' It is very foolish. *Requiescat.*

Isleford, and other Poems, by G. Murray.—The author has a proper appreciation of poetry: it is, he tells us, "the communion of an individual heart with the heart universal." His own efforts, however, go but a little way in realizing the definition. The fact that these poems are chiefly collected from Annuals, indicates their general character. But we may safely recommend them, as being superior to most specimens of the kind, and showing here and there a vein of thought and feeling which may reward further opening.

Nothing! in Rhyme and Prose, dedicated, without permission to 'Punch,' by G. Bolton.—There is some comic *vis* in the writer. The leading paper, 'Dobbs and his Friends,' amused us. The author sometimes glances at our social evils with force, as in his 'Sketch of Misery'; and 'The Loves of John and Sarah' are not without humour. The prose, however, is better than the verse; and Mr. Bolton will do well in future to polish his style. These are not the days when vulgarity can bestead a writer, however clever. The continued success of 'Punch,' to whom this volume is dedicated, is partly owing to the care with which the contributors keep clear of vulgarity and offence.

A Manual of British Historians, to A.D. 1600; containing a Chronological Account of the early Chroniclers, and Monkish Writers, their printed works and unpublished MSS.—This compendium is designed to assist persons engaged in historical investigation. It gives a succinct account of each British historian, beginning with Gildas and closing with Leslie; a list of each writer's works; pointing out in what collection they may be found, if printed, and in what library, if still remaining in manuscript; and, in addition, a chronological table of the years in which the respective histories conclude. Such a *vade mecum* has long been needed; and we thank Mr. Macray for this endeavour "to supply a want in bibliographical literature," which we well know, "has been often felt."

Old England: a Pictorial Museum of Royal, Ecclesiastical, Baronial, Municipal, and Popular Antiquities, Folio. Vol. I.—As the greater portion of this volume, as well as the illustrations, have already appeared in some of Mr. Knight's earlier publications, there is little room for criticism. The general style of the work is pleasant; and many amusing narratives and popular tales (for the strict historical truth of which, however, we should be sorry to vouch), are interwoven with graver antiquarian matter, which, although somewhat *jeune* to the student in English antiquities, will no doubt be found deep enough for the popular reader. We must also observe, that some of the engravings are either worn out, or have been very roughly printed from; still, as here are nearly fourteen hundred in this volume alone, the purchasers will have "enough for their money," and much amusing letterpress besides.

The Horseman—a work on Horsemanship, &c., by H. R. Hershberger.—We have here practical rules for riding, and hints on the selection of horses, together with directions for a sabre exercise for mounted and dismounted service, illustrated with

cuts. The book is of American manufacture, and its instructions may not hold good in all points on this side of the Atlantic.

On Ankylosis, or Stiff Joint, by W. J. Little, M.D.—The author is favourably known to the medical profession, as one of the first to adopt the new mode of operating for distortions, by division of the tendons of contracted muscles. The present work is on the application of this practice to the various forms of stiff joint which arise out of disease. It contains a full account of the various forms of ankylosis of the different joints, and a detail of cases which have been more or less successfully treated by the operation.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Beddome's (P. A.) State of Nations, Past and Present, royal 18mo. 2s. cl.
Brodie's (Walter) Remarks on the Past and Present State of New Zealand, 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl.
Burns's (Jabez) Missionary Enterprises in Many Lands, royal 32mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Cullen, Anna, Vol. IV., Part I. 'St. John,' 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
Crosby's Builders' Price Book, 1843, crown 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.
Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, Vol. II., imp. 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.
Ellis's (Mrs.) Look to the End; or, the Banquets Abroad, 3 vols. post 8vo. 15s. cl.
Fullarton on the Regulation of the Currencies and Banking, 2nd edit. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.
Gambler's Wife, a Novel, 2nd edit. post 8vo. 11s. 6d. bds.
Giles's (G. A., J. L. D.) Galfred Monumentis Historia Britonum, 1 vol. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
Giffana, The, a Tale, in 3 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 6d. bds.
Holland (G. C., M.D.) The Philosophy of the Moving Powers of the Blood, 8vo. 5s. cl.
Kennion's (Charlotte) Modern Geography, 2nd edit. 12mo. 3s. cl.
King's History of England, Vol. IX., 8vo. 8s. 6d. cl.
Lew's Annual Catalogue for 1844, royal 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Mount Sorel, Vol. I., pt. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.; ditto, Part II., pt. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Newman's (W. Esq.) Human Magnetism, 8vo. 8s. cl.
Nursery Sunday Book, by a Lady, square, tinted, 2s. 6d. cl. 3s. 6d. cl.
Peake's (Eliza) Jealousy and Revenge, 3 vols. 12s. cl.
Prescriber's Pharmacopoeia, 3rd edit. 32mo. 2s. 6d. cl. 3s. 6d. roan tk.
Ruskin's Complete Letter Writer, 8vo. 2s. 6d. 4s. cl.
Raymond's (George, Esq.) Memoirs of Robert W. Ellison, Comedian, concluding Series, 8vo. 12s. cl.
St. John (Boyle) the Eccentric Lover, a Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 6d. bds.
Seymour's (Adolphus) Scottish Church Question, 8vo. 7s. cl.
Thiers's French Revolution, Part III., 8vo. Popular Library Edit. 2s. 6d. bds.
Thoughts in Past Years, by the author of the Cathedral, 4th edit. 32mo. 1s. 6d. cl. 2s. 6d. cl.
Walker's (Mrs.) Cousin George, and other Tales, post 8vo. 3 vols. 15s. 6d. bds.
Wilkinson's (George) Practical Geology and Ancient Architecture of Ireland, demy 8vo. 17s. cl.
Year Book of Facts, 1843, with portrait of Faraday, 8vo. 5s. cl.

TO FRANCES BROWN.

Oh! exile on a sunless shore! where has thy spirit been
To learn the beauties of a world which thou hast never seen?

How paintest thou the gorgeous hues that ne'er have
bless'd thy sight,
Oh, daughter of the gifted heart! but daughter of the
night?

In vain for thee Spring's first pale flower breaks from
its icy tomb,—
In vain for thee the Summer rose puts forth its richest
bloom,—

In vain the tints of Autumn fall on blossom, leaf, and
tree,—
In vain—in vain these glorious things!—Oh, all in
vain for thee!

They lead thee to the verdant glen, and bid thy soul
rejoice
In listening to the sweetness of the silver streamlet's
voice;

Thine ear drinks in its melodies,—but ah! thou dost
not know
How beautiful it is to watch that silver streamlet flow!

They bring thee to the forest, and thou hear'st the
leafy trees,
Now sighing in the hurricane,—now whisp'ring in the
breeze;

But thou canst not see them standing in solemn beauty
there,
The pillars of the temple first sanctified by pray'r!

The swan upon the glassy lake, the sail upon the
wave,
The dew-drops on the emerald turf, the sunbeam on
the grave,
The mist upon the mountain's brow, the rainbow in
the sky;

Oh, what can bring these glorious things before thy
darken'd eye?

Is it the sun's reviving rays that speak to thee of light?
Is it the rose's fragrance that tells thee it is bright?
Is it the wood-dove's gentle voice, and its fond mate's
replies,

That give thee gleams of bright-winged things, with
loving human eyes?

Oh! chained in dark captivity upon a sunless shore,
Sweet child of genius, tell me, where hast thou learn'd
thy lore?

ALICIA JANE SPARROW.

THE GREAT BRITAIN STEAM SHIP.

This monster of the deep—this *Megatherion*, or *Megaploion*, rather, of the nineteenth century—unearthed from its lair on the muddy banks of the Severn, now floats quietly off Blackwall, a strange sight which all London is hastening to see,—which we have just seen, with much satisfaction. Those of our readers who wish also to go and see, will find her half-way between the Blackwall and Poplar Stations; and if they go by the Blackwall Railway from Fenchurch Street, should book themselves for Poplar Station, whence a small boat will, for sixpence, take them off to the *Great Britain*, but they must provide half-a-crown for permission to go on board, and a shilling more if they would thread the dark penetralia of the engine-room.

To see her well, the visitor should first row round the *Great Britain* in the small boat which takes him off; after ascending her side, we recommend, as the best way of comprehending or realizing the great magnitude of the ship, to walk once, at least, entirely round the upper deck; next to descend on the main deck and walk entirely round that; then to a lower deck, where the kitchen and offices are placed; after which the engine-room may be visited as a conclusion. The still more curious may descend into the enormous holds and boiler-rooms of the ship, in much of which there is something curious to be seen, and everywhere what is original and new.

The following are the chief dimensions of the ship:—

Total length 320 feet.
Total breadth 50 feet.
Capacity 3,000 tons.
Draught of water 16 feet.
Engines 1,000 horse power.
Four cylinders 88 inches in diameter.
Length of stroke 72 inches.
Chain wheel 18 feet in diameter.
The propelling screw in the stern of the ship is 15½ feet in diameter, and has six arms.

The peculiar features of this great work, which invest the *Great Britain* with unusual interest, are—1st, her extraordinary magnitude; 2nd, the material used, iron being employed to a greater extent than in any other ship; 3rd, the peculiarities of form which have been adopted, and the qualities they confer on her as regards speed and sea-worthiness; 4th, the construction of the engine and boilers and other machinery serving for motive power; 5th, the employment of the screw propeller; 6th, the use of a peculiar mechanism, by which the power of the engine is applied to turn round the screw.

In regard to her magnitude, she is larger than any first-rate of which we have ever heard; and in this respect the mechanical principles, which have led to the adoption of great size, are in our opinion sound. It is perhaps not generally known that all past experience goes in favour of increased size, as the means not only of obtaining speed, but also of economy in working. The reasons are these: the tonnage or power of carrying cargo increases in a triple ratio with increase of size, but the power and fuel necessary to propel increase only in a twofold or duplicate ratio to the increase of dimension: thus if the length, breadth, and depth of one vessel be double those of another, *ceteris paribus*, then the tonnage will be $2 \times 2 \times 2$, or eightfold that of the first, but the mechanical power and fuel required will only be 2×2 , or fourfold; thus for equal speeds the power of engine and expense of fuel for an eightfold cargo are only fourfold; a proportional advantage, therefore, is realized of two to one. So much for size: but there is an advantage also in regard to the effect of adverse weather and of heavy seas in the case of the large vessel; for the waves are just as high which encounter the small as the large vessel—proportionally, therefore, to the size of the vessel they are smaller obstacles to the progress of the larger ship. The good effects of size extend also to the capability of economy in long voyages. We have seen that the proportion of power for an equal speed is smaller in the large vessel; there is, therefore, a smaller relative space occupied by the engine and by the fuel for the voyage,—that is to say, a much larger space is available for profitable cargo. Again, as regards passengers, a large vessel will carry more than a proportionable height out of the water; may have therefore more decks, and so accommodate a

greater relative number of passengers. All these things, therefore, are in favour of size.

There is one point, however, which may be against great size, in certain circumstances, and this point is a practical one, perhaps not easily established *a priori*. It is, want of employment at remunerative rates. If there be not sufficient trade between America and England to fill this ship with passengers and cargo both ways, or, at least, to fill her nearly as well as others, then assuredly the *Great Britain* will not pay. There are some who are of this opinion. Her owners are of the opposite opinion. It is a point we have no means of determining.

We have not stated, neither have we forgotten, the opinion of some, that steam ships have been already made too large, and that we should go back rather than advance in size. They found this opinion on the instance of the unhappy *President* and *British Queen*. This, however, is a mistake; the *President* and *British Queen* failed from a very simple cause—the feebleness of their construction and the excessive fullness of their form. It is well known to practical men, that the strength of timber and the fastenings of these unlucky ships were not greater than other builders employed for ships of one-third less tonnage. This extreme weakness of construction was notorious, and ended as the best judges of such matters expected it would. The argument, therefore, is good against weakness, not size.

The next question regards, therefore, her construction, the material of which she is formed, and the manner in which it is put together.—Is she strong enough? And on this point we may say, without hesitation, that those best acquainted with such subjects are thoroughly agreed that iron ships can be made much stronger than timber can be; and that especially for use with steam, iron is peculiarly adapted. The heat of the boilers, the evaporation and moisture of the engine-room, and the coal dust, are most injurious to timber, but act very slightly on iron. Besides, for a passenger-vessel there is, in an iron ship, the absence of the very offensive smell of the bilge-water. So much for the material, durability being the point still left undetermined. Next, as to the disposition of the material, we must concede to the constructors of the *Great Britain* much ingenuity and sound judgment in their arrangements for strength: the great thickness of the bottom, one inch of solid iron plate exclusive of the ribs; the numerous and close iron knees, the long iron keelsons, which run through the whole floor of the ship fore and aft, the thorough iron partitions, and, above all, the complete lower decks of iron; are devices which give immense strength, and seem to afford perfect security. There is but one part of the ship where these arrangements are impracticable, we mean the engine-room; but we are assured that the connexions introduced there render it the strongest part of the ship—this, however, is not our own opinion. As a piece of good workmanship, the hull of the vessel deserves all praise; the workmanship is clean, smooth, and faithful.

And here we cannot proceed further without a passing tribute to the high merit of Mr. BRUNEL and Mr. GUPPY, who were her immediate and personal engineering constructors. Their merit as designers and projectors we do not now advert to—as mere executive workmen the piece of work produced is most creditable to both.

But the first point which strikes a connoisseur is, the form or mould of the vessel—her external surface. She certainly appears handsome; the criterion is, that she does not seem so enormous as one expects to find her—this mammoth—this leviathan—this monster of the deep! She looks trim and handy; and were it not for the strange number of poles, some half dozen, which are called masts, but look more like flagstaves, on the deck, one would admit that she was large, but would hardly say enormous. It is only when one descends the dark chaos of her interior, or paces her deck, conscious that in a single turn from the rudder and back he has travelled a tenth part of a mile, it is only then that he finds himself a pygmy—she a Brobdingnag. And then, the look of utter contempt we condescendingly bestow on the insignificant little East Indian man moored in sight, sends us home with the conviction

that we have obtained for all sea craft a new and gigantic standard of size. "She is enormous, but she does not look so!" This is the highest compliment we can pay.

The chief peculiarities of her form are, however, those which we do not see—those in the water, which give her speed and other properties. The speed she has shown, in opposition to most severe weather and heavy seas, is attributed to her finely-turned water-lines. These lines are formed on a peculiar principle, and present to the eye a close resemblance to the mode of construction now known as the *wave water-line* principle. The only part of the appearance of the bow we do not like is, the enormous flare out of the upper part, which, however, some think requisite to raise her over a sea; we are of opinion contrary, that it gives the sea a surface to batter, as was well seen on her voyage round from Bristol, when the bull's-eyes and bows were heavily struck. Neither can we altogether approve of the swelling out of the sides above the water, which gives a tendency to heavy rolling, of which also the passengers complained in coming round. Otherwise, the vessel is elegant and judicious; and the boldness which induced the constructors to adopt the most improved form for the water lines of the bow must be regarded as meritorious, now that it is justified by the event—that which was called rashness before success, is now wisdom.

But we must descend from our promenade on the deck into the huge caverns of the cauldrons below. The first peculiarity noticed, is the engine and the enormous chain and chain-wheel for driving the screw. Four separate steam-engines drive round the axis of this monstrous wheel—two at one end of the axle, two at the other—the wheel between. The cylinders are placed apart at the bottom of the vessel, and the piston-rods, which issue out of them, converge to the end of the cranks of this wheel. Each pair of engines works one crank, and the two cranks are placed at right angles; but the chain is the extraordinary thing: there are grooves on the wheel—at the end of each link of this huge chain there are teeth projecting into these grooves, so that as the wheel revolves the chain is compelled to revolve with it; at the bottom of the vessel, immediately below the great wheel, lies a little wheel or pinion having grooves cut in its circumference of the same size, and at the same distance from each other, though much less in number than those of the large wheel. The same chain passes round both wheels, and while the large wheel revolves by the power of the engines once, the small one revolves as much oftener as it is smaller. The small wheel has for its axis, the axis of the Archimedes Screw, which is attached to the after end of the axis, and protrudes through an aperture at the stern into the water. Its revolutions give motion to the vessel by their reaction on the water. Such is the Vital Principle of this Monster of the Deep.

LIBRARY OF THE LATE B. H. BRIGHT, ESQ.
[Concluding Notice.]

In our previous articles on the Catalogue of Mr. Bright's books we have confined ourselves very much to English bibliography, and we shall continue to pursue the same line, because rare works in our own language constitute the main strength of the collection, although there are curious and valuable articles in other departments.

We shall now proceed to notice in succession some of our more popular and notorious English authors, in verse and prose, whose publications are contained among the 6197 lots into which the sale is to be divided. We shall not go back to any very early date, the writings in the long interval between the time of Chaucer, Gower, and Lidgate, and the reign of Elizabeth, being either comparatively worthless as literary compositions, or well known and understood. For instance, what now can be said of John Skelton, whose scattered pieces have been lately collected and reprinted by the Rev. Mr. Dyce, unless it be to express our regret that Mr. Bright should have had a unique edition of a tract by that author in his library, which Mr. Dyce could not obtain? Mr. Bright, we are assured and believe, never scrupled to lend books, whether printed or manuscript, and of any rarity, if a worthy purpose could be pointed out;

and in this respect the claims of Mr. Dyce were indisputable: we therefore conclude, either that he was not aware of the edition, or that he never made his wants known. The only proof of churlishness of this kind that we ever heard of in Mr. Bright was the manner in which he kept the fact concealed that he had been the purchaser of the series of York Miracle Plays sold at Strawberry Hill, lest perhaps, he should be asked by the Shakespeare Society (which has already printed the Coventry and Chester Plays) to allow them to be published. We are surprised that any reluctance should have been felt by a man of Mr. Bright's character, but we are not at all surprised that the present owner of the volume (who is well known, although his name was not permitted to transpire at the sale) should be resolved to pursue a similar course. This is a species of literary dog-in-the-mangerism that cannot be too much discouraged.

Mr. Bright's conduct was the very reverse in regard to another book included in the Catalogue, the earliest edition of Sir Philip Sidney's 'Astrophel and Stella,' which he willingly lent at a time when it was supposed that no other copy of it was extant. Here we may notice a new fact connected with the death of Sidney, in 1566, viz. that Michael Drayton certainly wrote a lost elegy upon him. Hitherto it has been supposed that Drayton's earliest production was 'The Harmony of the Church,' in 1591, when he was twenty-eight,* but his elegy on Sidney must have preceded it by several years. Our evidence upon the point is decisive: the following stanza is not far from the close of a work called 'Sir Philip Sidney's Ourania,' published in 1606:—

But when my Cynthia knew 'twas Astrophill,
She ran to clasp him in her dainty arms;
But out alas! it passed mortal skill:
Inchanted was the knight with sacred charms;
His body dead of yore, the more our harm;
O, noble Drayton! well didst thou rehearse
Our damages in dreary sable verse.

To put the matter beyond doubt, opposite the two last lines we read these words in the margin, "Drayton, upon the death of S. P. S." As far as our information goes, this circumstance has never before been pointed out; and there is a novelty connected also with the work in which it appears, viz. that whereas it has hitherto universally been assigned to Nicholas Breton (from the initials N. B. on the title-page), it in fact belongs to Nicholas Baxter. This point has lately been established in print by the Rev. Mr. Hunter, and he deserves the credit of the first announcement of the discovery, though we have a copy of the 'Ourania' now before us where it is recorded in a hand-writing contemporaneous with the printing of the pamphlet. Near the end N. B. makes the ghost of Sir P. Sidney inquire,—

Art thou (quoth he) my tutor, Tergaster?

a name fancifully formed from the Latin words *tergum* and *astrum*, and in the margin, in an ancient hand, we find BACK-STAR, i. e., Baxter, written; and this, with other similar indications, was pointed out, (though not in print, as Mr. Hunter has placed it) some fifteen or twenty years ago. We do not mention this matter for the sake of detracting from the merit of Mr. Hunter's discovery, without the aid to which we have been indebted, but merely to show that others had previously stumbled upon the same conclusion: all we know of Mr. Hunter's claim is contained in the Catalogue before us, p. 34, but we admit it without hesitation.

There were two impressions of Sidney's collected poems, under the title of 'Astrophel and Stella,' in 1591; and the first of these, though the fact is not particularized in the Catalogue, (where it would have been impossible to insert all the *minutiae* respecting our old writers and their works,) was edited by the celebrated Thomas Nash, then enjoying a high degree of popularity, and for that reason selected for the duty. His able and singular introductory epistle may be seen at length in the commencement of the reprint of his 'Pierce Penniless's Supplication,' made by the Shakespeare Society; but when the Catalogue states, in reference to the 'Astrophel and Stella' edited by Nash in 1591, that "the text

of the modern editions is very incorrect," the compiler could not have had time to refer to the body of the volume, or he must have seen that nothing can well be more faithless than the text of that impression: it was to set right these many blunders that the second edition came out in the same year, of which Mr. Bright had an imperfect copy; consequently, if the modern text is to be purged of its errors, it must be done by reference to the *second*, and not to the first edition of 'Astrophel and Stella.' At the end of both are miscellaneous poems by various authors, which we have never had an opportunity of comparing, so that we cannot tell how far they accord; but one of those authors, Samuel Daniel, asserted in 1592 that "a greedy printer" (Thomas Newman) had published some of his sonnets with those of Sidney. This complaint was made in the first impression of Daniel's 'Delia,' but he nevertheless there reprinted only one of them, leaving the rest to their fate; and, we believe, they were not subsequently included in any collection of Daniel's works. We may add, that one of the miscellaneous poems at the end of 'Astrophel and Stella' is by the Earl of Oxford, and is the same piece that was afterwards printed in 'Dowland's Songs,' 1600: of this point Mr. Collier was not informed, when he recently edited a volume of ancient 'Lyrical Poems' for the Percy Society, including that by the Earl of Oxford, but with considerable variations.

It is not generally known to bibliographers that there were two quarto editions of Daniel's 'Delia' in 1592, both purporting to be the first, but, in fact, differing materially, the one including several sonnets not found in the other. Mr. Bright had neither of these, but he had a copy of the octavo impression of 1594, which is particularly valuable, because it contains evidence that the author, in common with other poets of the time, had visited Italy: one of the sonnets is headed "At the author's going into Italy;" and another, "This sonnet was made at the author's being in Italy." No doubt he travelled there in his capacity of tutor to the noble nephew of Sir Philip Sidney. The fact of his having been in Italy we have upon no other direct authority, and we do not recollect that it has been adverted to by the biographers of Daniel.

The notice of the instrumentality of Thomas Nash in the publication of the first edition of Sidney's poems brings us to a brief consideration of the pieces by this prolific and pungent writer in Mr. Bright's library. There are only three under his name; one of them his Drama, which appears to have been acted at Beddington, near Croydon, in 1592, although not printed until 1600, and never represented upon a public stage, for which, in fact, it was not designed. Nash's genius was not dramatic, although, like most of the playwrights of his time—Greene, Peele, Lodge, Marlowe, Heywood, Jonson, Shakespeare, &c.—he was an actor, and was embroiled with the Privy Council in 1597, both as the writer of, and a player in, his satirical comedy, 'The Isle of Dogs,' which has not come down to us either in print or manuscript. Of the three tracts under the name of Nash in the Catalogue before us, one was anonymous, 'The Return of Pasquil of England;' and it may be doubted whether it was by him. It seems clear that his 'Strange News,' 1592, did not sell well under that name, and accordingly he put a fresh title-page and some introductory matter to it in the next year, when it came out as 'The Apology for Pierce Penniless,' thereby connecting it with his most popular performance. This circumstance is so little known, that the tracts have usually been treated as separate productions, whereas they are identical, as far as regards the body of the answer to Gabriel Harvey. There is good reason for assigning to Nash several pieces not under his name in the Catalogue, but among the Mar. Prelate pamphlets: one of these, 'An Ahnond for a Parrot,' is notoriously from his pen, and there is little doubt that 'Martin's Month's Mind' was by him also: perhaps no other author of the time could have written it, but John Lilly; who, however, does not seem to have touched the controversy after the publication of his celebrated 'Pap with a Hatchet,' which we only know to be his on the testimony of Nash.

The notorious Robert Greene, the author of the earliest attack upon Shakespeare, was the friend of Nash, although it afterwards suited the purpose of the latter to be a little shy of acknowledging their intimacy. Mr. Bright possessed seven of Greene's productions, but not one of them dramatic (for the early drama seems to have been a matter of secondary consideration with him); and of these seven, only two are first editions, viz. 'Philomela' and 'The Spanish Masquerado.' The 'Groat's-worth of Wit,' which contains the envious allusion to "Shake-scene" as the "Fac-totum" of the stage, is only the eighth edition: it first appeared in 1592, again in 1596, 1600, 1616, 1617, 1620, 1621, and 1629, which last is the date of Mr. Bright's copy. There were most likely intervening impressions now lost, and two of those we have enumerated have never been mentioned. It is, of course, a tract of high interest as regards our great dramatist; and we are surprised that during his long search after pieces illustrative of the life and career of Shakespeare, Mr. Bright was unable to secure an earlier impression; he might be satisfied with the fourth edition of the 'Quip for an Upstart Courtier' (by the way, one of the grossest pieces of literary piracy on record, although it has only been established within the last few years), which gave Gabriel Harvey such mortal offence; but how, with his means and tastes, he could be content with the eighth edition of a tract which struck at Shakespeare, and rendered an apology immediately afterwards necessary, we do not understand.

Thomas Lodge was another of Greene's friends, and his coadjutor in a play, although his abilities directed him much more strongly to lyrical poetry, of which he has left behind him many delightful proofs. Some of these are found in 'Rosalynde' (afterwards called 'Euphues' Golden Legacy'), from which Shakespeare took the story of 'As You Like It;' and others of equal beauty are to be found in 'Phillis honoured with Pastoral Sonnets,' &c., printed in 1593, a copy being in Mr. Bright's collection. One or more of the pieces in 'Phillis' were transferred to a collection, by various authors, printed in the same year, under the title of 'The Phoenix Nest,' which is likewise contained in the Catalogue in our hands. It is certainly a work of interest, as some of the best pieces there preserved are not elsewhere to be found; and the intrinsic as well as pecuniary value of it is heightened, rather than diminished, by the reprint in 'Heliconia,' and for this reason—that nothing can be more unfaithful than this pretended copy; there are literally thousands of variations, some of them of importance, as may be judged when we state, that in a single poem, and that of no great length, no fewer than six entire stanzas are omitted in different places. By what extreme of carelessness this could have been accomplished, we are at a loss to imagine; but we do hope that these glaring defects will ere long be remedied, by an accurate republication of 'The Phoenix Nest,' which well merits to be preserved unimpaired. We say it, after careful examination, that the reprints in 'Heliconia' are in general scandalously incorrect, and that not a single line can be quoted from the work with confidence; we are therefore rejoiced that an original copy of 'The Phoenix Nest' (which forms part of 'Heliconia,' vol. 2) is so soon to be offered for sale.

Among Lodge's tracts we had hoped to meet with a copy of his 'Defence of the Stage,' in reply to Stephen Gosson's 'School of Abuse,' 1579, reprinted by the Shakespeare Society, but we have been disappointed. Two copies (the only two known) were sold among Heber's books, and we fear that they have both devolved into the same hard hands, which seem tenaciously to retain everything they once lay hold of, and will not allow any books they grasp to be rendered useful. What made us the more sanguine about Lodge's answer to Gosson, was, that we knew that Mr. Bright was the owner, not indeed of 'The School of Abuse,' but of Gosson's two other tracts against the stage, its drama, and its professors. We therefore see in the Catalogue Gosson's 'Plays Confuted in Five Actions,' and his 'Ephemerides of Phialo,' the first professing to confute Lodge, and the last to defend 'The School of Abuse.' The precise title of Lodge's reply to Gosson is not known: the work was sup-

* We have to thank a correspondent for setting us right, as to the age of Bishop Hall, in 1596: in our last article, we inadvertently stated him to be then twenty; but he was born in 1574.

pressed by authority, even before it was published, and the copies that have been preserved are imperfect, wanting the commencement.

T. Heywood's 'Apology for Actors' was not published until 1612, when the heat of animosity excited by Gosson, Rankin, Reynolds, and some other enemies of the theatres had, in a great degree, subsided; but, although by no means a rare book, Mr. Bright had only a copy of the reprint, issued about 1650, when William Cartwright, the actor, procured it to be revived in opposition to the Puritans of that day, who had suppressed all the amusements of the stage. Yet the catalogue comprises an unusually good list of Heywood's other works, and especially his plays, commencing with the first edition of 'The Woman Killed with Kindness,' in 1607, an item of such importance that we never heard of more than one other copy of it: the later impressions are common enough. We miss, however, the first edition of 'The Rape of Lucrece,' in 1608 (a story brought on the stage, probably, on account of the success and popularity of Shakespeare's poem); but we observe that 'The Troubles of Queen Elizabeth' in the 4to. of 1608, 'The Golden Age,' 1611, 'The Silver Age,' 1613, as well as 'The Brazen and Iron Ages,' are in the list of Heywood's plays: others it is not necessary to specify. The enumeration of Dekker's tracts and plays is not so complete as that of Heywood's, but some of them are rare, and we find among those for sale 'The Bachelor's Banquet,' in the edition of 1603, and 'Work for Armourers,' 1609. We do not quite agree in the emphasis of the compiler of the Catalogue as to the extreme scarcity of the last piece; but admitting that it has been seldom sold, we must add, that it is intrinsically one of the most worthless tracts by this voluminous author.

We make the same objection to the description of T. Bastard's 'Christoleros,' a collection of epigrams, printed in 1598. It is hardly so difficult to be procured as is represented, and several copies have been sold by auction within the last twenty or thirty years, besides those in the Museum, at Oxford, and Cambridge, &c. At the same time, we readily allow that the accounts usually inserted as to the comparative rarity of books are not exaggerated. Thus, for instance, the poem, by A. D., on the life and death of Sir Philip Sidney, printed by Waldgrave about 1586, ought, perhaps, to have been designated as unique, instead of "exceedingly rare," for we never heard of any other copy of it. The same remark will apply to the 'Verses of Praise and Joy,' 1586, upon Tichborne's conspiracy; to E. Jenynge's 'Alfagus and Archelaus,' 1571; and to several others. On the whole, the Catalogue is rather understated than overstated in this respect.

Before we conclude, we must take the opportunity of expressing a doubt how far the assertion of the compiler is sustained, that Spenser translated the sonnets of Petrarch, prefixed to Vandernoodt's 'Theatre for Worldlings,' 1569, from the French, and not from the Italian. It is very well ascertained that they were Spenser's earliest efforts in verse, and the fact has been passed over, we think, without sufficient notice, that they are without rhyme: thus, the author of 'The Faery Queen,' who in his later years afforded some of the noblest specimens of rhyme, commenced his career with blank verse, and, after the Earl of Surrey, is to be recorded as one of the very earliest attempters of that species of composition. That Spenser was well acquainted with Italian, and with the best writers in Italian, cannot be doubted; and though a man like Arthur Hall, in 1581, might find it more convenient to translate the *Iliad* from the French than from the Greek, there is no reason why Spenser should prefer rendering Petrarch from the French than from the Italian. True it is, that Spenser was very young at the time, though perhaps not quite so juvenile as has been supposed (only sixteen), but, at all events, Italian would then be quite as familiar to him as French; and we cannot bring ourselves to the belief that he was guilty of any misrepresentation upon the subject. Everybody is aware that he afterwards reprinted the sonnets as 'The Visions of Petrarch, formerly translated,' and, reading them, we can see no pretence for saying that they were rendered through the medium of the French. Here, too, he gave the strongest testimony

in favour of the employment of rhyme in compositions of the kind; for whereas he originally put them forth in blank verse, he subsequently, and with no little apparent trouble, changed the sonnets to rhyme, and in this way they have ever since been reprinted. We wonder that, for the sake of comparison, they have never been given in the form which they bear at the opening of Vandernoodt's strange volume.

POLAR SEA EXPEDITIONS AND POLAR LAND JOURNEYS.

Third Letter to Sir John Barrow.*

IN submitting a plan for the exploration of the northern coast of North America and the islands adjacent, I scarcely know where to begin, for if I consider the explorers at once at their starting point in the heart of the country, I shall have Sir John Franklin, as in 1836, calling it "meagre,"† and if I minutely describe the inward route I shall merit the charge of making a long story. Conciseness in conducting a Polar Journey, and in reporting it, is so essential to the traveller, that I prefer to come under Sir John Franklin's lash; and, by anticipation, refer him to his own narrative as a guide book, or to that of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, from which he obtained his material.

I propose, then, that a party of two officers, one being of the medical profession, a boat carpenter, and thirteen men, fully equipped for the service, should leave Montreal, in Canada, sufficiently early to reach the Athabasca Lake in July. Here half the baggage should be left, and the boat carpenter and two men should remain, in order to build a boat 28 feet long, an occupation of three weeks. The explorers should then proceed to the head waters of the Fish River to fix upon an eligible position to winter, and the inner man as well as the outer man should be taken into consideration. The route to the Fish River, from the Athabasca Lake is well known to the Indians and Fur Traders, and is minutely described in "King's Narrative of the Expedition in search of Sir John Ross." The winter establishment fixed, one officer and five men, with an Indian guide, should return to the Athabasca Lake, and having dispatched the boat carpenter, with the Indian guide, to the Fish River party with the two men left there to build a second boat, proceed in the newly built boat *via* the Slave and Mackenzie Rivers to Great Bear Lake, the wintering post of two of the overland journeys.

The parties, which, for convenience, it will be as well to call the Eastern and Western party, having securely housed themselves, should at once adapt their means to their ends, in getting through the winter and providing for the future, for which purpose I refer them to the guide books mentioned; but as the several authors saw things differently, and met, in consequence, with feasting or famine, success or failure, the exercise of some judgment will be required in the reference. To collect and hoard provision, and to pave the way to the Polar Sea so as to be on its shores as early as the navigation will permit, and to observe all and everything in the vast field before them, are the main features of an Arctic winter with a land party. With a sea party, such as the Admiralty have proposed, the time will be spent in acting plays and other merry-andrew tricks, that the officers may make a book out of the sterility around them.

The Western party will be further occupied in transporting, as the traveller Simpson, their boat to the Coppermine River, and the Eastern party their boat to the Great Fish River. As soon as these rivers are open the parties must be in progress, the one for Cape Britannia, or Ripon Island as it was once called, and the other for Victoria Land; the one to ascertain the connexion of the main land with that of North Somerset, or with Melville Peninsula, and, if the former, the character of its western shore; and the other to trace Victoria Land westerly, with the view of testing its value relatively to the north-west passage.

If I am rightly informed, the Hudson's Bay Company have already dispatched Mr. Ray, a surgeon, on an overland journey, for the purpose of

making the survey which I propose for the Eastern party. This is an interesting fact, if true, but it by no means sets aside the necessity for a Polar Land Journey, for if, on the arrival of the expedition at the Athabasca, it should be found that Mr. Ray has been wholly successful, then, instead of one, two boats should be built there, and the parties, instead of separating, should winter together at Great Bear Lake, and, on reaching Victoria Land, turn the prows of their boats east and west, so as to double the power employed in solving the great problem in that direction. To enter further into detail is unnecessary until the service is determined upon, but in order that my ability to supply the minutest detail may not be questioned I take leave to remind you that I led the mission in search of Sir John Ross not only in but out of the country.

In Queen Elizabeth's time, the North West Passage problem was considered of sufficient importance to demand the attention of Commissioners expressly appointed. If Queen Victoria will follow the steps of Queen Elizabeth I will undertake to prove the practicability of the plan here proposed, and the impracticability of the plan proposed by the Admiralty. The first report that reached England of the last of the Polar Sea Expeditions, led the Admiralty "to augur favourably of its success," I augured differently, and published my anticipations. It was subsequently designated the "Ill-starred voyage in the Terror."

It has been considered essential to have the cordial co-operation of the Hudson's Bay Company in all overland journeys. I do not know whether the Admiralty have consulted the Royal Society upon this point, but I am prepared to prove that if the commander of an overland journey, such as I propose, should require the co-operation of the monopolists he is wholly unfit for the command. It may even be thought satisfactory to find the Hudson's Bay Company at last endeavouring to fulfil the engagement they entered into in obtaining their charter as a Fur Company, that of prosecuting by all possible means the North West Passage; but effectually as they have hitherto closed their country to the man of science, it cannot last much longer. Geographical science is surely not all that requires furthering in North America. We have to thank the Admiralty and the Hudson's Bay Company for a state of ignorance regarding that country, which, in comparison with what has been learned of Northern Asia by Russia, places us nationally in a most disadvantageous light.—I have, &c.

RICHARD KING.

27, Sackville-street, 31st Jan. 1845.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THERE is so much interest attached to the recent discoveries of the French Consul, amongst the ruins of Nineveh, that we think the following particulars, supplied to the *Malta Times*, by one who appears to have a personal acquaintance with the antiquities recovered, worth adding to the few which we gave last week. With the early history of the discovery our readers were long since made acquainted, in letters from M. Botta himself [Nos. 819, 822], and they have from time to time been informed of the progress of his researches. We shall therefore come at once to results. Fifteen chambers, some above 100 feet in length, and evidently forming part of a magnificent palace, have been opened. Their walls are entirely covered with inscriptions and sculptures. The latter are, almost without exception, historical, and illustrate events of the highest interest, sieges, naval manœuvres, triumphs, single combats, &c. The inscriptions are in a cuneiform character, and are of such great length that all the arrow-headed inscriptions before known, if united together, would not equal them. The character used closely resembles that found in the middle column of the inscriptions of Persepolis, Hamadan (Ecbatana), and Birsun, and in the earlier inscriptions of Van. Each wall bears two rows of sculptures, one placed above the other, and the inscriptions, containing generally about twenty lines, are graven between. Frequently, however, they also occur on the garments of figures, or on towns and other objects found in the bas-reliefs. There cannot be a doubt, therefore, that they contain a description of the events recorded, and the names of the principal actors in them—in fact, that

* See Ante, p. 40.

† See Annals of Philosophy, for Sir John Franklin's attack and my defence.

they are a portion of the historical records of a kingdom. We have alluded to the variety of the subjects described by the sculptures, but the spirit and beauty of their execution form the widest field for astonishment and conjecture. To those who have been accustomed to look upon the Greeks as the true perfecters and the only masters of the imitative arts, they will furnish new matter for inquiry and reflection. I shall, I think, be hereafter able to show, that, even if they cannot be referred to a period much antecedent to the earlier stages of Greek art, they have nevertheless no connexion with it, and are perfectly original both in design and execution. Whilst probably contemporaneous with many of the most ancient sculptures of Egypt, they are immeasurably superior to the stiff and ill-proportioned figures of the monuments of the Pharaohs. They discover a knowledge of the anatomy of the human frame, a remarkable perception of character, and wonderful spirit in the outlines and general execution. In fact, the great gulf which separates barbarian from civilized art has been passed. Although the ornaments, robes, and various implements of war are finished with an extraordinary precision and minuteness, they in no way detract from the effect of the whole, nor do they add heaviness to the figures. The extreme beauty and elegance of the various objects introduced among the groups are next to be admired. The shapes of the vases, of the drinking-cups, the sword-scabbards adorned with lions, and the shields decorated with animals and flowers,—the chairs, tables, and other articles of domestic use,—the ornaments of the head, the bracelets and earrings, are all designed with the most consummate taste, and rival the productions of the most cultivated period of Greek art. There are undoubtedly faults in the general execution, such as a frequent contempt for the relative proportions of the figures; and it is evident that a variety of hands may be traced in the workmanship.

A French artist, M. Allaux, brought specially from Rome for the purpose, has been sent over to this country by the King of the French; and is now engaged, in the library at Guildhall, in the painting of a large picture for his Majesty, exhibiting the presentation of the corporation of London to that sagacious monarch. The forty members of the corporation, who formed the deputation on the occasion in question, are destined to immortality on this canvas; each of them sitting, with an individual consciousness, as several features of that body politic, which, we fear, the French, if they should happen to look at them at all, among so many painted citizens of their own, will see only as an abstraction,—an allegorical representation of the *entente cordiale* or of the *perfidie Anglaise*, according as the temper of the times may be.

An evening paper states, that Sir Robert Peel is adding to his mansion, at Drayton Manor, a picture gallery, 100 feet in length, for the reception, chiefly, of portraits of the eminent men of the day. His present collection of pictures is said to be amongst the largest, if it be not the largest, of modern date, in this country.

The sale of the fourth division of the library of his late Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex commenced on Thursday last, at Evans's Rooms, and will extend over eleven days. The lots exceed 2,600; and comprise a large collection of the Greek and Latin classics, works of foreign history, antiquities, heraldry, genealogical history, and Fine Arts,—interspersed generally with many valuable books on subjects connected with English and Continental Literature and History.

Private letters from Norway mention that, at half-past four on the morning of the 4th of January, a rather severe shock of an earthquake was felt in the light-house on the Great Torungen Island, near Arendal. "After a north-easterly storm, with snow-storms, at about twelve o'clock in the night, it became suddenly mild and clear. At three o'clock, the sky was again overcast, but without wind; it continued in the same state for about half an hour, when a rumbling noise was heard, like a waggon driving over a stone bridge, which created a feeling as if something was rolling upwards on the walls of the light-house: to this immediately succeeded a loud explosion. The glasses of the lamp and reflector shook and rattled as if the tower would tumble to pieces. The watchman (light-man) was so frightened as to be several seconds in-

capable of moving. The wind immediately sprang up from the westward, blowing freshly."

We must now make room for our correspondents: *Larissa*.—I am much obliged by your correspondent J. A. W., lending his authority to the reading of $\epsilon\pi\tau\iota$ in the passage of the *Anabasis* which refers to *Larissa*, as *upon* and not in "the pyramid." It is probably the correct version, although not only *Sieyden* translates it so, but also *Hutchinson* says "*in huc ex Barbaria erant multi*." At the same time, the difficulty had always struck me, that although (probably by degradation) a hill in the present day, it is by no means established that it was so in the time of *Xenophon*, who describes it as a pyramid; and it also appears to have been cased with stone work, which renders the view of the subject taken by J. A. W. of the barbarians assembling on the point of a small pyramid, less satisfactory than if they had taken refuge on the top of a hill, as it now is, and as your correspondent has hence supposed it to have been in the time of *Xenophon*. It was the difficulty of conceiving how any multitude of natives could have taken refuge either within, or upon, a pyramid, described as being only one hundred feet square at the base, which led me to throw out rather as a point for consideration with scholars, than with the most remote intention of altering the statement of the historian, whether it might not possibly have been within the city itself, that the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages took refuge.—Believe me, &c., W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

New Road, Hammersmith.
Anastatic Printing.—The account you have given in the *Athenæum* respecting *Anastatic Printing*, reminds me, that in the year 1839 (some time therefore before the earliest period mentioned by you as having had any knowledge of the invention), I saw a quarto page of a work, in the *Syriac* character I think, which had been taken from an old work in a manner similar to that described by you as adopted in *Anastatic Printing*. It was exhibited at the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia. Connected with it was a certificate to the effect, that the undersigned had witnessed the operation of printing the page from the leaf of an old book, without the intervention of types, plates, &c. This was signed by several scientific and public men, well known in America—and among the rest, if I remember rightly, by *Prof. Sullivan* and *Daniel Webster*.—Yours, &c. ROBERT CLEPUS.

23, Pratt-street, Camden Town, Jan. 27, 1845.
British Museum.—In the spring of last year, an amateur parted with his collection of ancient German engravings. I knew the collection well; and finding that it was sold to a dealer, I immediately applied to become the purchaser of several rare and curious prints, which I knew to be in it. The possessor told me that he declined negotiating for the sale of any of the prints at present, as he had offered the whole collection to the British Museum, and that he was well aware that he could make more of the collection by breaking it up, but he determined not to do so, unless the Museum should decline to purchase. Month after month from that time to this, I have been anxiously inquiring for these desiderata to my collection, and month after month have been put off with the same explanation, that no answer has been received from the trustees; yet any competent person might judge of the value of the whole collection in one day; and I believe the officer whose duty it is when called upon to advise the trustees on such matters did so within a week after it was offered. Now here is a dealer, offering to the public, from public-spirited motives, at a less price than he could have long ago realized by breaking it up, a collection that perhaps half a century would not suffice to collect together again; and yet he is trifled with, and forced to trifle with his customers.—I have, &c.

Last week, a very brilliant assemblage was collected at the Institute, to witness the academical reception of M. St. Marc Girardin to the vacant chair of the late M. Campenon. The member appointed to represent the Academy, on this occasion, was M. Victor Hugo;—and as M. Hugo is the great leader of the modern Romantics, and M. St. Marc Girardin has acquired his reputation in the more severe and positive fields of criticism and teaching, a sort of piquancy was given to the occasion, by the contending principles thus brought face to face, whether designedly with a view to contest or not. Victor Hugo is a poet, writes whatever his imagination dictates, and defends it with his *Ego*. M. St. Marc Girardin is a journalist and a university professor; and, both under the *We* of the former and from the chair of the latter, has had occasion to question the lawfulness of some of Victor Hugo's doings. We need not, therefore, wonder, perhaps, to find the poet introducing the critic into the Academy as into a temple where his views are to be enlarged and his sympathies expanded—the abode of the company of literary men made perfect, above description and beyond blame—a sanctuary at whose threshold the echoes of controversy and the murmurs of the critic die away—the home "of the great and the ideal"—the "sphere of pure ideas"—safe from the invasion of "any sentiment which might disturb the unalterable calm of the academical soul";—yet slyly hinting, all the time, to M. St. Marc Girardin the necessity for wiping his feet at the door of a place so clean,—and rather inconsistently proposing this scene of literary beatification and transcendental irresponsibility as a *locus penitentie* to the critic of the Sorbonne.

The Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres

has filled up the vacancy in its body, occasioned by the death of M. Fauriel, by the election of M. Laboulaye; and chosen M. de la Saussaye to fill the chair of the deceased M. Mollevaut; and the Academy of Moral and Political Science has elected, as corresponding members, Mr. Wern Koenig, professor at the University of Göttingen, and Count Sclopis, of Turin.

The Minister of the Interior, in France, has purchased for the *Musée des Thermes*, the series of enamels of the 16th century, known as the enamels of the *Château de Madrid*. These celebrated pieces, the most remarkable productions of the art of enamelling in France during the period of the Renaissance, are colossal in size,—were originally twelve in number,—and represent the virtues and the principal gods of antiquity. They formed the main decoration of the façade of the *Château de Madrid*, built by Francis the First, in the Bois de Boulogne. On the demolition of that edifice, three of them were taken to England; and the remaining nine, after having passed through various hands, were on the point, also, of finding their way into this country, when the minister, prompted by the Director of the Fine Arts, and by the Historical Monument Committee, stepped in, to preserve them for France—the country which they most particularly interest, as a splendid example of its arts.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—A New Subject in CHEMISTRY of universal interest—PHILLIPS'S PATENT FIRE ANNIHILATOR, illustrated by Dr. Ryan in his daily Lectures, and on the Evenings of Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. Professor Bachoffner exhibits a comparison between the Two most powerful ELECTRICAL MACHINES, KITE'S PATENT SMOKE-CURING and VENTILATING ROOF, COWLS, &c., and TAYLOR'S improved domestic FIRE ESCAPE, are interesting Novelties described with the Models. The Picture of the SHRINE of the NATIVITY is just added to the new DISSOLVING VIEWS. CHILD'S CHROMATOPE, THE PROTEOSCOPE, THE PHOSPHOSCOPE, EXPERIMENTS by means of the DIVING BELL and DIVER Admission 1s.; Schools Half-Price. The Music is conducted by T. Wallis, Mus. Doc. During Lent a Series of Lectures on ASTRONOMY will be delivered.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.—"On the Laws of the Tides on the Coast of Ireland, as inferred from an extensive series of observations made in common with the Ordnance Survey of Ireland," by G. B. Airy, Esq., Astronomer Royal. The elaborate investigations, of which the results are communicated in the present paper, were suggested by the necessity of adopting some standard mean height of the sea, as a line of reference for the elevations ascertained in the operations of the Ordnance Survey of Ireland. Colonel Colby, R.E., who conducted that survey, had with this view determined to institute a series of observations on the height of the water in different states of the tide; and, conceiving that these observations might be made subservient to improvement in the theory of the tides, requested the assistance of the author in laying down the plan of observation best calculated to effect that object. The suggestions which were in consequence made by the author, were adopted in their utmost extent by Colonel Colby; and the collection of observations was placed in the author's hands in the winter of 1842. The whole number of observations exceeds two hundred thousand; and they derive extraordinary value from the circumstance of the localities of their simultaneity, their extensive range, and the uniformity of plan on which they were conducted. Their reduction was made by the computers at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, under the superintendence of the author. Jan. 16.—Sir James Ross, V.P., in the chair.—A paper was read "On the Liquefaction and Solidification of Bodies generally Existing as Gases," by Michael Faraday, Esq., F.R.S.—The method employed by the author for examining the capability of gases to assume the liquid or solid form, consisted in combining the condensing powers of mechanical compression with that of very considerable depressions of temperature. The first object was obtained by the successive action of two air-pumps, the first having a piston of one inch in diameter, by which the gas to be condensed was forced into the cylinder of the second pump, the diameter of whose piston was only half an inch. The tubes, into which the air thus further condensed was made to pass, were of green bottle glass, from one-sixth to one quarter of an inch in external diameter, and had a curvature at one portion of their length adapted to immersion in a cooling mixture; they were provided with suitable stopcocks, screws, connecting pieces,

and terminal caps, all carefully made, and rendered sufficiently air-tight to retain their gaseous contents, under the circumstances of the experiments, and when they were sustaining a pressure of 50 atmospheres, as ascertained by mercurial gauges connected with the apparatus. Cold was applied to the curved portions of the tube, by their immersion in a bath of Thilorier's mixture of solid carbonic acid and ether. The degree of cold thus produced, when the mixture was surrounded by the air, estimated by an alcohol thermometer, was a temperature of 106° Fahr. But on placing the mixture under an air-pump, and removing the atmospheric pressure, leaving only that of the vapour of carbonic acid, which amounted only to one-24th of the former (that is, to the pressure of a column of 1.2 inch of mercury), the thermometer indicated a temperature of 166° below zero of Fahr. scale. In this state the ether was very fluid, and the bath could be kept in good order for a quarter of an hour at a time. The author found that there were many gases which, on being subjected to cold of this extreme intensity, condensed into liquids, even without a greater condensation than that arising from ordinary atmospheric pressure; and that they could then be preserved sealed up in glass tubes in this liquid state. Such was the case with chlorine, cyanogen, ammonia, sulphuretted hydrogen, arsenuretted hydrogen, hydroiodic acid, hydrobromic acid, carbonic acid, and euehlorine. With respect to some other gases, such as nitric oxide, fluozilicon, and olefiant gas, it was difficult to retain them for any length of time in the tubes, in consequence of the chemical action they exerted on the cements used in the joinings of the caps and other parts of the apparatus. Hydroiodic and hydrobromic acids could be obtained either in the solid or liquid state. Muriatic acid gas did not freeze at the lowest temperature to which it could be subjected. Sulphureous acid froze into transparent and colourless crystals, of greater specific gravity than the liquid out of which they were formed. Sulphuretted hydrogen solidified in masses of confused crystals of a white colour, at a temperature of 122° Fahr. Euehlorine was easily converted from the gaseous state into a solid crystalline body, which, by a slight increase of temperature, melted into an orange red fluid. Nitrous oxide was obtained solid, at the temperature of the carbonic acid gas in vacuo, and then appeared as a beautifully clear and colourless crystalline body. The author conceives that in this state it might in certain cases be substituted with advantage for carbonic acid in frigorific processes for arriving at degrees of cold far below those hitherto attained by the employment of the latter substance. Ammonia was obtained in the state of solid white crystals, and retained this form at a temperature of 103° Fahr. The following liquids could not be made to freeze at 166° Fahr., viz.:—chlorine, ether, alcohol, sulphuret of carbon, caoutchoucine, and rectified oil of turpentine. The following gases showed no signs of liquefaction when cooled by the carbonic acid bath, even when subjected to great pressure, viz.:—hydrogen and oxygen, at a pressure of 27 atmospheres; nitrogen and nitric oxide, at a pressure of 50 atmospheres; carbonic oxide, at a pressure of 40 atmospheres, and coal gas at a pressure of 32 atmospheres.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Jan. 22.—The President, Mr. Warburton, in the chair.—The following communications were read:—Geological features of the country round the mines of the Taurus, by W. W. Smyth, Esq. The mines described in this paper appear to be worked in great masses rather than beds or veins. They consist of two, one containing ores of copper, and the other argentiferous ores of lead worked for silver. The former at Arghaneh Maden is worked in igneous and altered rocks in the neighbourhood of Diarbekr, the average annual supply being about 3,500 tons of ore, producing about 380 tons of copper, but it is thought that the return of metal from the ore might easily be doubled. There are several mines of silver and lead worked at Kiebban Maden, the proportion of silver being about an ounce or an ounce and a half per hundred pounds. About 900 lb. weight of silver are produced annually, and a small quantity of lead. The geological date of the formations in the Taurus seems to be, in most cases, that of the cretaceous period, but there are also some metamorphic rocks of more ancient origin.

'On the newer Coal Formations of the Eastern part of Nova Scotia,' by J. W. Dawson, Esq. The paper was an appendix to a communication made last year before the Geological Society, and completed the account prepared by the author of the Carboniferous Formation. The paper also contained a notice of some footmarks observed in the sandstone, which were considered by the author to be those of a bird. In an appendix, a notice was given of the junction of the Carboniferous and Silurian rocks at a locality called McCarra's Brook.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—Jan. 27.—R. I. Murchison, Esq., President, in the chair.—Commenced reading the second part of a 'Memoir by Captain Haines, Political Agent at Aden, on the south and east coasts of Arabia,' our notice of which is deferred until the reading shall have been concluded. We may, however state, that mention having been made of the existing ruins of the Hamyarite nation, the Rev. Mr. Forster gave the meeting a statement of his views respecting the very high antiquity of the Hamyarite inscriptions, particularly that at Hisa Ghorab, which would appear to be antecedent to the volcanic commotions to which the whole of the surrounding region seems to have been subjected; though, as the President observed, the date of the volcanic disturbance cannot be even surmised in the absence of a more perfect geological account than we now have of the country.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.—Dec.—The Rev. R. Sheepshanks, V. P. in the chair.—Signor Gaetano Cacciato, Director of the Observatory at Palermo, was elected an Associate. J. R. Hind, Esq. was elected a Fellow. The following communications were read:—

'Observations of the Moon and Moon-culminating Stars made at Port Essington, on the North Coast of Australia, in longitude $8^{\circ} 45' 38''$ east, and latitude $11^{\circ} 22'$ south,' by O. Stanley, Esq. R.N.

'Announcement of the discovery of Mauvais' Second Comet,' in a letter from M. Mauvais, dated July 9, 1844.

'Circular Letter from Professor Encke, dated Berlin, 1844, July 10, announcing the independent discovery of the Comet, known as Mauvais' Second Comet, on the night of July 9,' by M. D'Arrest.

'Astronomical Observations made at Hudson Observatory, United States, in longitude $5^{\circ} 25' 39''$ west, and latitude $41^{\circ} 14' 42''$ north,' by E. Loomis, Esq.

Two Communications from the late Prof. Henderson, containing Elements and an Ephemeris of Mauvais' Second Comet.

'Observations of Mauvais' Second Comet, made at Starfield,' by W. Lassell, Esq.

'Observations of Mauvais' Second Comet and De Vico's Comet, and of an Occultation of a fixed Star by the Moon,' made by C. Rumker, Esq. at Hamburg.

'Observations of De Vico's Comet, made at Aylesbury,' by Thomas Dell, Esq.

'Elliptical Elements of De Vico's Comet, with an Ephemeris,' by J. R. Hind, Esq.

'Observations of De Vico's Comet, made at Ashurst,' by R. Snow, Esq.

'Observations of Altitude at Azimuth of the Great Comet of 1843, made at St. Helena,' by G. Brand, Esq.

Extract from the Translation of a Letter from Prof. Bessel, dated Königsberg, 10th of August, 1844, 'On the Variations of the Proper Motions of Procyon and Sirius.'

ASIATIC SOCIETY.—Jan. 18.—The Earl of Auckland in the chair.—A paper, by Mr. Masson, was read, detailing the circumstances under which he succeeded in getting an impression of the great rock inscription at Kapur-di-Ghari, or rather Shah-baz-Ghari, engraved in the Bactro-Pahlevi character, a very few lines of which, and those imperfectly copied, had hitherto reached Europe. The impression is on calico, and above 20 feet in length; and three impressions from a smaller inscription from the same rock were laid upon the table. The first notice of the existence of this inscription was given by M. Court, in 1836; and the imperfect copy above mentioned was procured by an agent of Capt. Burnes in the spring of 1838. Shortly after this Mr. Masson, who was then in Peshawur, sent a native with calico, paper, and other necessities

for taking an impression, and some presents for the *Maleks*, to conciliate their favour. This man returned after some days, bringing detached pieces of calico, covered with characters, and stating that the inscription was much larger than they had any idea of, but confessing his inability to perform the task without assistance. At the same time he brought assurances from the *Maleks* that they would be happy to see Mr. Masson. In October Mr. Masson set out for his journey, in spite of the presence of the hostile army of the Durani chief, Saïad Mohammed Khân. He reached Shah-baz-Ghari, a village of 200 houses, on the afternoon of the 17th, where, after some difficulty, arising from the absence of the *Malek Deru*, the most important chieftain in that part (who was afflicted with ague, and was fearful at first that the party came from the enemy's camp), they were hospitably received—the *Malek* forgetting his ague in his delight at a visit from the Feringhi, whom he repeatedly embraced, offering him every assistance in his power, and placing his son and nephew at his disposal, to procure anything that might be wanted. Early on the 18th, Mr. Masson and his attendants went to the rock, which he found to be an arenaceous argillaceous stone, covered with characters. The great inscription was on the northern face of the rock; there was a smaller one on the south side, but many times larger than the only one which had yet been known, and that one was in a corner, separated by a fissure from the great inscription. The surface of the rock was irregular, and had never been smoothed; and the lines of the inscription were not straight, but carried in an undulatory course, as influenced by the inflexions of the surface. The whole day was spent in cleaning the surface from the moss and green slimy stains which covered it, and it was then smeared over with ink, preparatory to the next day's work. The evening was passed in cheerful conversation with the Afghans, who were all very friendly. Early on the 19th, Mr. Masson repaired again to the rock, applied another coating of ink, and proceeded to take an impression. The first attempt was on the native paper, which was soon found to be quite unfit for the purpose. Mr. Masson therefore applied his 25 yards of calico, which he expected to find sufficient for two impressions, but which he found just enough for one. The labour was great, and it took the whole day to complete it; and when done, Mr. Masson was dissatisfied with his success, although pretty well for a first attempt; and he resolved to get more calico if possible. During the day, a number of natives from different villages passed: all were friendly, and some returned to the village, and brought buttermilk and roasted corn as a present to the Feringhi. On the 20th they were again at the stone, and brought with them some sharp tools, prepared by the village smith, for the purpose of scraping out the letters, and rendering them more visible, preparatory to taking the inscription by sight. When the letters were scraped out, Mr. Masson traced their channels with a chalky stone, which made the whole surprisingly visible, and appeared to the natives almost magical. They had never supposed the rock to be so completely covered with writing; and the process much raised their opinion of the Feringhi, and of their own ancient saint, whom tradition points at as the writer. The three inscriptions were finished this day; and towards evening Mr. Masson sent a man to the village of Kote, as a forlorn hope, to try to get British calico for another attempt at making an impression, the coarse cloth of the country proving ineffectual for the purpose. To his surprise, the messenger returned with twenty-seven yards of an excellent quality, which he had purchased of a Hindu trader there. The people were equally kind during this day; and Mr. Masson made many happy by presents of Peshawur paper, and, above all, by giving them black-lead pencils, which astonished them by writing without ink. On the 21st they proceeded with a second impression of the great inscription in a more satisfactory manner than the former. The 22nd was passed in correcting the copies. On the 23rd the party set out for Peshawur, two hours before day, accompanied by *Malek Deru* (who determined to see them to the borders of his dominions) and a party commissioned by him to guide the party to Peshawur. The guide was unable to keep up with the horses, and was left at Parung, to follow his convoy the next day. Mr. Masson arrived at Peshawur before sunset, and re-

paired to his old quarters, where he was joined on the following day by Malek Deru's man, who was sent back with a Koran and some presents to the Malek, as some return for the continued kindness the party had received. The copies of the inscriptions excited much interest; and we heard that the members present expressed an intention of procuring fac-similes of them to be printed in the Society's Journal, with an interpretation as far as they can be read.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.—Jan. 20.—Colonel Sykes, Vice-President, in the chair.—The paper was by Colonel Sykes, being 'Statistics of the Educational Institutions of the East India Company in India.' These Institutions date from comparatively so recent a period, that the Hindoo College at Calcutta, the most ancient among them, with the exception of the Sanscrit College at Benares, was only in its 28th year in 1844, and that many of them are only of two or three years' standing. The materials used by Colonel Sykes were derived from the official reports of the several boards of education to their respective governments for the years 1841 to 1844 inclusive. The vernacular languages taught in the respective schools appear to be Oordoo, Hindoe, Bengalee, Ooreah, and Burmese. Of the several Institutions the Medical College presents the unexpected and singular feature of turning out accoucheurs, surgeons, and anatomists from almost every caste, and Mohammedans as well as Christians, which Colonel Sykes states is to him "with his 40 years' knowledge, a marvellous change, the natural as well as religious repugnance which must have been overcome in these castes, bearing strong testimony to the changes that can be effected on the native mind." The Bhagulpore Hill School, which was established to improve the moral character of the rude tribes of these hills, has been eminently successful, although it had to contend with the difficulty of the people having a language of their own, and the necessity of first teaching them Hindoo. Colonel Sykes considers that the opinions expressed in the Reports alluded to, that the Mohammedan population are averse to receive European instruction, are not borne out in the numbers of the returns. The total number of students is 8281. There are 1683 Mohammedan students to 6635 Hindoo students. Some have calculated the Mohammedan population as low as 1 in 14 Hindoos, while the highest estimate, he believes, does not equal 1 in 9. In either case the proportion of the Mohammedan students far exceeds the proportion of the Hindoo students relatively to their respective populations, being about 1 in 49 of the whole students. $\frac{2}{3}$ of the whole students learn English; a comparatively small number learn Sanscrit, viz. 426, while 572 learn Arabic and 801 Persian. Bengalee has the greatest number of students, viz. 2,796, followed by the Hindoe 1,771 and Oordoo 1,494; these languages being chiefly spoken under the Agra government. There are 248 Christians in the schools, and 197 who are neither Christians, Mohammedans nor Hindoos. These are chiefly Buddhists at Moulaun or low castes of the Bhagulpore Hindoos. Out of 2,420 students under the Agra government 2,378 receive gratuitous instruction, and only 42 pay. In Bengal only 1,572 students pay and 4,289 receive gratuitous instruction. This questionable policy the Bengal government are desirous of modifying, and the Bombay government have found advantage in imposing a school fee of trifling amount. Of the Orphan Schools, Charitable Institutions, and Missionary Schools, Colonel Sykes had no means of giving an account.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—Jan. 13.—G. Smith, V.P., in the chair.—C. N. Cumberlege, Esq., was elected a Fellow, and Messrs. H. Peet, of Manchester, and E. F. Hutchins, Associates.

A paper was read by Prof. Donaldson, 'On the General History of Architecture,' but, as his observations referred almost exclusively to an extensive collection of drawings displayed in the room, it would be difficult to offer any abstract likely to interest.

A collection of sketches of Athenian and other Greek Monuments, recently made by George Knowles, Esq., and some illustrations of the Arabesque Decorations of Italy, by Mr. Grüner, were exhibited.

Jan. 27.—H. E. Kendall, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—A paper was read by Mr. Poynter, 'On the Domestic Architecture of France, during the Middle Ages,' principally on the differences which it exhibits

when compared with that of our own country. The high pitch of the roof which pervades every class of French architecture, and is not laid aside even at the present day, has given to the dormer window an importance it never attained with us, and in the stone buildings of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries it is the most striking feature, and the most elaborately decorated with open carving and pinnacle work. The Palais de Justice, and the Hotel de Bourgtheroulde, at Rouen, and the Hotel de Cluny, at Paris, display examples of these dormers. The tourelle, a sort of parallel to our oriel, is another peculiarity of the French domestic style—overhanging the angles of the buildings to which they are appended on moulded corbels, and capped with a high conical roof, terminating in a rich metal finial. Notwithstanding the general devastation of the works of the Middle Ages in Paris, many of these tourelles, in a better or worse state of preservation, still remain. One of the richest is near the Hotel de Ville. Timber was, however, principally in fashion for street architecture from the thirteenth century to the seventeenth; and abundant remains of this style of building are to be found in Rouen, Beauvais, and other cities of Normandy and the north of France. Those of the fourteenth century are little ornamented. In the fifteenth a more elaborate style of decoration began to be studied. At this period bricks make their appearance, and are often rendered ornamental by being made of different colours, and filled in between the timbers in patterns. There are many specimens in this style in the Bourbonnais; sometimes coloured tiles were used for the same purpose, and sometimes plaster, with ornaments sunk below the surface, and filled in with coloured materials. During the transition from the late Gothic flamboyant to the Renaissance, the ancient modes of construction and distribution remained unaltered, but the decorations took the Italian character. At Rouen there are timber houses of the beginning of the sixteenth century, in which the Gothic element prevails in the composition, but the whole surface between the openings is a mass of carving, not only designed in the best style of the cinquecento, but executed in a manner which gives them value as works of art. A superior taste for sculpture is clearly to be distinguished in France throughout the Middle Ages; but the school which rose in that country out of the Renaissance, principally developed in the decoration of domestic and palatial architecture, may claim a high place in the arts of modern Europe.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—Jan. 21.—R. H. Solly, in the chair.—Mrs. Stackhouse Acton and S. L. Stephens, Esq., were elected Fellows; and W. Rich, Esq., of Washington, and A. Oliveira, Esq., of Madeira, corresponding members. Among the articles exhibited the greatest novelty was a specimen of *Franciscia Hydrangeiformis*, from Messrs. Veitch and Son. This addition to the genus had been considered of great importance; it does not, however, realize the expectations formed of it, for, unlike other species, it possesses little fragrance. A certificate was awarded.—Mrs. Lawrence sent, among other things an enormous plant of *Centradenia rosea*, studded with rose-coloured star-shaped flowers; *Cataetum spinosum*, remarkable for having the lip divided into numerous spine-like processes; the rare *Angreum bilobum*, a pretty species from Sierra Leone, with star-shaped snow-white flowers. A Banksian Medal was awarded. Messrs. Rolisson sent a curious plant from Ichaboe, called *Ceradia furcata*.—Of Fruit, the Rev. T. Thornycroft sent a handsome Montserrat Pine-apple, weighing 4 lb. 1 oz. and measuring 15 inches in circumference and 10½ in length; the number of pips was 11. A certificate was awarded.—Of Grapes, fine specimens of West's St. Peter's were also sent from Chatsworth, by Mr. Paxton; they were said to have been grown without fire-heat, except what was necessary to exclude frost and preserve a dry atmosphere. It was also stated that the vines which produced these grapes had for many years been allowed to break their buds by sun-heat alone, and that they had always borne large crops of well-ripened fruit, which had often been preserved fit for the table until the end of March. A certificate was awarded.—From A. Matthews, Esq. was an Apple, named Oxfordshire Pippin, a variety raised by R. Hinks, cottager, residing at Weston-on-the-Green. The colour is of a deep

lemon-yellow, and the flesh is firm, sugary, and pleasant to eat. It was stated to be good either for dessert or culinary purposes, possessing the additional recommendation of being a good keeper.—Finally, from the Governor of Bermuda, were specimens of Oranges, which were exhibited for the purpose of showing what Bermuda can produce in that way. These specimens possessed great excellence, equal to any in Covent Garden market; and, in consequence of the destruction of the orange trees in the Azores, it is not improbable that the Bermudas will be able to supply large quantities for the English market.—From the garden of the Society were several sorts of apples and pears; among the former, specimens of the Rymer Apple, which is one of the best varieties for kitchen use, and exceedingly productive. The crop of one tree of this variety near Nottingham, in the autumn of last year, was sold for 12s.; a fact worthy of attention by cottagers.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.—Jan. 20.—R. Brown, Esq. in the chair.—Dr. Packman and Mr. Leeks were elected Fellows.—A paper was read, from J. Curtis, Esq., on the cause of a peculiar cellular appearance in the cocoons of an emperor moth. These cells, he believed now, were produced by the larvæ of some parasitical insect, which had attacked the insect in its cocoon. He had not been able to obtain a perfect specimen of the parasite.—Notes on the Natural History of Norfolk Island, by Capt. Maconochie, were read. The island is composed principally of porphyry, lying over which is a sandstone, which is constantly forming at the present day. It is well wooded, and in some places under the sandstone there are vegetable deposits, but no coal. The fish on the shores of the island are numerous. There are two species of cod eatable, and weighing upwards of 100 lb. There are sharks, but they do not bite. The ring-fish is the most dangerous. The trees are numerous, and some of them valuable. The mulberry grows well, and silkworms have been reared: many of the fruit-trees have been attacked by a coccus, which has produced great ravages. European vegetables grow well, and the British system of gardening is found to repay the labour expended on it. Of tropical plants, the arrow-root and sweet-potato produce good and profitable crops. The sugar-cane, Chili peppers, and bamboo, grow in perfection. There are several sorts of birds on the island, which, on account of the interdiction of the use of fire-arms, will allow themselves to be closely approached. The fan-tail, in the woods, will perch on a stick held in the hand. The island is much exposed to high winds; the hedges, which are composed chiefly of lemon and pomegranate, suffer much from this cause, and the introduction of the hawthorn would be of great service. A hive of bees, which the author took out, have prospered, but they have suffered from the wind.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Dec.—G. Newport, Esq., President, in the chair.—Mr. Desvignes exhibited a specimen of *Coccinella lineata* of Fabricius, an insect not before known in this country.—Mr. Pelerin, specimens of the New Zealand Caterpillar and its parasitic fungus, described by Sir W. Hooker, in his 'Icones Plantarum.'—Mr. Evans, a case of insects from New Holland; and Mr. Milton many individuals of a Dipterous insect in the larva state, more than 800 of which he had extracted alive from the crop of a pheasant recently killed, and brought to him for preservation; the caterpillars were those of one of the middle-sized *Tipulidæ*; thus showing that the pheasant is a friend to the agriculturist by the destruction of these obnoxious insects.—Mr. Westwood exhibited the nest of *Porrectaria vibicpenella*, a moth not before described as a native of this country, and which had been recently captured, by Mr. Weaver, in Scotland. He also exhibited specimens and drawings of several new genera of *Carabidæ*.—Mr. Saunders exhibited a dragon-fly which had been captured on the wing, at a distance of 600 miles from the nearest land, in the Atlantic Ocean.—A series of 'Notes on the Entomological productions of New Zealand,' by Mr. Stephenson, was read.

Jan.—The President in the chair.—Mr. F. Bond exhibited specimens of *Damophila trifolii*, a small but beautiful British moth, together with the moveable case formed by its caterpillar for its abode.—A series of extracts from a Memoir, by Professor Halde-

man, 'On the employment of vulgar Names in Natural History,' was read; together with a notice of a plan for distinguishing entomological labels by separate colours indicating their geographical range.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.—Jan. 3.—J. E. Gray, Esq., F.R.S., President, in the chair.—Mr. S. Gibson presented a specimen of *Scirpus acicularis* (Linn.), with much longer stems than ordinary. The culms formed a dense tuft, about fourteen inches tall. Mr. Fitt presented specimens of an *Oenanthe*, commonly considered *O. pimpinelloides* by the botanists of Norfolk. It is the *O. lachenalii* (Gmel.) of Babington's Manual, and the species confused with, or mistaken for, the true *Pimpinelloides* by most other English botanists, since the time of Hudson. The specimens were located from salt-ditches near Yarmouth.—The Secretary called attention to a series of specimens of *Dryas octopetala* (Linn.). The sepals or lobes of the calyx varied considerably in length and breadth; on one specimen the length was scarcely twice the breadth, while in another the length was four times the breadth. The convexity of the base of the calyx also varied much. He reminded the Meeting that Mr. Babington had described a second species of *Dryas* (*D. depressa*, Bab.) found in Ireland, and distinguished from the well-known *D. octopetala*, by exactly the same characters which these specimens proved to be within the range of variation of the true *D. octopetala*. He had not seen any example of the *D. depressa* described in Babington's Manual, and could not speak with certainty about its claims to be held a distinct species.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—Jan. 24.—W. R. Hamilton, Esq., V.P. and Treasurer, in the chair.—Prof. Brande 'On the Business of the Mint.' For many successive years Prof. Brande has taken as the subject of his annual communication to the members of the Royal Institution, some remarkable service rendered by physical science to the needs of civilized life. As the chief Professor at an Academy which has for its motto "illustrans commoda vite," he conceived that he effectually furthered its objects by giving philosophical explanations of such manufactures as those of gas, fermented fluids, and their compounds with metals (as in the case of vinegar and carbonate of lead), stearine, and its adulterations, &c. Pursuing the same course, Prof. Brande narrated, at the meeting this evening, what may not unfitly be called the chemical and mechanical history of a mass of gold, from its importation into this country to its issue to the public in the form of coin. Gold is imported from South America, Africa (in the form of gold-dust), and from the Ural Mountains in Russia. The supply from this last-named source Mr. Murchison has shown to be continually increasing. This gold is sent to the Mint by the Bank. The Bank, however, first melts and also assays (or analyzes) it by its own assayer. The gold is sent in ingots—massive oblong pieces—each weighing 15lb. These, from the process just referred to, are of known purity and quality. When received at the Mint from the Bank, the ingots are weighed in the presence of responsible officers of both establishments. They are then delivered to the Master's assay-master for analysis. Prof. Brande here explained that, for the purposes of circulation, it was necessary that gold and silver coin should be mixed with an inferior metal in certain accurate proportions. This alloy, as it is called, is, in the case of gold, usually a mixture of copper and silver in equal proportions—but it is essential that the copper thus used should be perfectly pure. In the gold coin of this country, eleven parts of pure metal are combined with one part of alloy, while in the silver coin $\frac{1}{10}$ of alloy are considered sufficient for $11\frac{1}{10}$ parts of silver. The French standard is the same for both metals—viz. 9 metal and 1 alloy. Having thus been rendered less flexible, and more available for the purposes of coining, the ingot of gold is melted in a black-lead crucible; during this process it is carefully stirred by a black-lead rod to insure the equal diffusion of the alloy throughout the mass. Were this precaution neglected, the quality of the bar into which it is cast would not be uniform. And it is obvious that a scarcely appreciable variation in this respect might seriously deteriorate the value of coin. The same process is adopted in regard to silver, excepting that Mr. Morison has advantageously adopted cast iron, instead of black-lead, as the material of

the melting-pot for this metal. Prof. Brande here noticed one of the discoveries of Dr. Wollaston as having a most important bearing on the chemical operations of the Mint. By rendering platinum malleable, and thus convertible into crucibles and retorts, Dr. Wollaston not only provided means for manufacturing sulphuric acid at a cheaper rate, but enabled that substance to be readily used in extracting silver from ingots of gold. The Refiner extracts, at a small cost, the silver which generally accompanies masses of gold. And, as no seigniorage is charged on coining, and as he is entitled to coined in exchange for uncoined gold, without expense, whatever silver he can remove from his ingot is so much clear gain to him. The bar of gold is now consigned to the ancient company of *Moneyers*, and here the mechanical operations, which convert it into coin, commence. These, however, are necessarily controlled by chemical principles. When broken down, as it is called, (i.e. squeezed to the thickness of the coin), the bar is annealed, (heated, that the metal may become tractable,) but heated out of contact with air, lest the alloy should burn. Prof. Brande described, and illustrated by models, the operations of the rolling-room: the extremely accurate uniformity in the thickness of the ribband of gold, from whence the blanks are struck, obtained by Sir J. Barton's machine. He then showed how, by means of most delicate adjustments, any minute variation in the quality of different parts of the ribband was compensated in the blank-cutting machine. He explained Mr. Bolton's contrivance for making the atmospheric pressure the moving-power in this powerful, yet most accurate engine; and proceeded to describe how, after being again annealed, the blanks are stamped and milled. We do not attempt any description of the machinery employed for these purposes. Those of our readers, who take interest in the subject, can have no difficulty in obtaining access to the working-rooms of the Mint. Prof. Brande briefly noticed what are called the trials of the pix; i.e. the examinations into the quality and purity of the bullion before it is received by the Moneyers, and when, having been coined by them, it is about to be issued to the public. These examinations are always strictly private. The result, however, is sufficiently and most creditably notorious—the acknowledged purity of British coin. Prof. Brande concluded by calling attention to the manner in which the operations of the Mint ensured the quick production of coin of unimpeachable weight and fineness; how loss of interest on bullion was obviated; a national panic prevented by the rapidity of a coinage, which, though so quickly accomplished, will bear comparison, as to execution, with that of any country in the world.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Jan. 22.—W. H. Bodkin, Esq., M.P., V.P., &c., in the chair.—B. Woodcroft and J. Havers, Esqrs., were elected members.—The Secretary read a paper, by M. Claudet, 'On the Progress of Photography.' The author treated of the improvements which the art of Talbotype and Daguerreotype have undergone during the past year. Also mentioning many new processes and describing a discovery of his own connected with the optical part of the subject, by means of which great and hitherto unattainable facility is given for obtaining a sharp and defined picture. The most interesting part of the paper, however, was that which treated of the new process of engraving the Daguerreotype image, so that it may produce a great number of copies—in the same manner as a plate engraved by the usual method. The process consists in biting away the dark parts of the picture, so that they may retain ink and admit of being printed by the ordinary process of copper-plate printing.

NUMISMATIC SOCIETY.—Jan. 23.—Dr. Lee, F.R.S. in the chair.—The first paper read was, by the Rev. Dr. Whitaker, on the extensive collection of coins, found at Cuerdale, near Preston, which were spurious fabrications of the Saracenic, Danish, and other early periods.—The second was, by Mr. W. Hawkins, on the Russian beard money or tokens, which were given as receipts for the payment of the impost made by Peter the Great and his successors for wearing beards.—The third paper read, was by Mr. Birch, on the Sycee silver forming the Chinese ransom. This is so named from its glossy or silky appearance; but there are five different sorts, the chief portion of the

ingots which have been sent over here being those appropriate for the payment of the land-tax, and stamped accordingly. At the conclusion of the meeting a handsome silver tea service, with suitable inscriptions, was presented to Mr. C. R. Smith, F.S.A. on his retiring from the office of secretary.

MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY.—Jan. 15.—Prof. Bell, President, in the chair.—A paper, by John Quekett, Esq., 'On certain peculiarities in the Structure of the Feathers of the Owl tribe,' was read. After some preliminary observations, Mr. Quekett described the ordinary structure of the wing feathers of birds, as consisting of three parts, viz. the quill or barrel, the shaft, and the vane. The latter of these is composed of horny filaments, termed barbs, from the edges of which a number of other very minute filaments are given off, which are called barbulæ, which latter have also in some cases other barbulæ arising from them, to which he gave the name of barbulætes. The office of the barbulæ is to hook the barbs together, (for which purpose they are admirably adapted, both by their structure and position,) and thus to afford that degree of adhesion between the parts of the wing necessary to enable it to support the bird in the act of flying. In the feathers of birds which do not fly, these barbulæ do not exist; and they are consequently loose and flowing. In the feathers of the owl tribe, another peculiarity obtains. In these, on the upper surface of the wing and other feathers, besides the usual apparatus of barbs and barbulæ, an additional series of filaments is developed, which not only serves to keep the adjacent barbs together, but also, rising above the outer surface of the vane, forms a kind of down or nap upon it; the inner surface being as in other birds. This peculiarity causes the flight of the owl to be without that noise which attends the progress of birds whose feathers have the usual structure, and thus enables it to secure its prey, which otherwise might be alarmed and make its escape before it could be pounced upon.

'Remarks relating to the Examination of Guano by the Microscope,' by Mr. Quekett, were read. The author commenced by stating that, in consequence of the adulteration of guano, he was induced to seek some means by which the genuine might be easily distinguished from the adulterated, without the necessity of the lengthened and expensive process of chemical analysis; and he had endeavoured to make the microscope the means of effecting this object. Viewed as an opaque object, guano appears to consist of particles of an earthy brown colour, mixed with crystalline bodies of various sizes, some of which appear to be particles of sand, and others to be crystals of salts of some kind. The proportion of this crystalline matter to the brown amorphous substance, differs according to the locality whence the guano has been procured; so that the Ichaboe guano may be readily distinguished from the Peruvian, the former having much more of the crystalline matter than the latter. It, however, happens, that the goodness of the guano does not depend on the presence or absence of this crystalline matter, and consequently it forms no criterion of its value. But although the microscope will not enable us to determine accurately the value of that substance, it is quite capable of determining whether it has been adulterated with foreign matters or not. Upon viewing it as a transparent object, the nature of many of the bodies composing it become apparent; and it is found to consist of organized, crystalline, and mineral matters. The organized appear to be fragments of dried flesh, either of birds or fish, minute fragments of shells, spicules of sponges, and (especially in that from Ichaboe) many specimens of animalculæ of various kinds. The crystalline and mineral substances are found, not only in the mass, but also occupying the place of the medullary canal of bones; the bones themselves having, in most cases, been destroyed by decomposition. By analysis, the crystalline matter is found to be composed of sulphate of potash and ammonia. Mr. Quekett then entered into the investigation of the probable sources whence these various substances may have been derived; and came to the conclusion, that they are furnished, either by the decomposition of the dead bodies of the birds themselves, or from the substances upon which they have fed remaining in a half-digested state in the excrementitious matter of which the great mass of the guano is composed.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

SAT.	Asiatic Society, 2, P.M.
SUN.	Entomological Society, 8.
	Chemical Society, 8.
TUES.	Linnean Society, 8.
	Geological Society, half-past 8.
WED.	Society of Arts, 8.—General Meeting to take into consideration important changes in the Constitution of the Society.
THUR.	Royal Society, half-past 8.
	Society of Antiquaries, 8.
	Royal Academy.—Architecture.
FRI.	Royal Institution, half-past 8.—W. R. Grove, Esq., 'On the Voltaic Arc.'
	Botanical Society, 8.

FINE ARTS

SACRED AND LEGENDARY ART.

BY MRS. JAMESON.

IV.—The Twelve Apostles.

The earliest representations of the Twelve Apostles were, like those of the Four Evangelists, purely emblematical. They were figured as twelve sheep, with Christ in the midst, raised on an eminence, as the Lamb of God, or as the Good Shepherd, holding a lamb in his arms. Thus represented, we find them in the cemetery of the Catacombs, on ancient Christian sarcophagi, and in the oldest Christian churches. In the churches this representation was nearly uniform, and the situation always the same. They were placed in a line, immediately under the decoration of the vault of the apsis; in the centre, the Lamb, on an eminence; on one side, six sheep issuing from the city of Jerusalem; on the other, six sheep issuing from the city of Bethlehem,—the whole disposed in a regular line, forming a kind of frieze above the tribune where stood the high altar. Examples may be found in the most ancient churches at Rome,—as Santa Maria in Trastevere, St. Praxedes, St. Clement, St. Cecilia, and St. Mark. In this merely allegorical representation, and in the extreme simplicity and solemnity of the arrangement, there is something singularly striking to the imagination. The next step was to represent the Apostles as twelve men, all alike, each with a sheep, and Christ in the middle, also with a sheep, sometimes larger than the others. They are thus represented on an ancient sarcophagus, engraved in Ciampini. Again, in some of the oldest churches we find them as twelve venerable men, bearing tablets in their hands: no emblems to distinguish one from another, but their names inscribed behind each: there was a striking example of this arrangement in the ancient church of St. Paul, at Rome, and another in the church of the Navicella. In later times, the Apostles were placed in a circle or a group round the Saviour in glory; and it became usual to distinguish each of them by some emblem taken from the history of his life and death. Thus,

St. Peter bears the keys, or a fish.

St. Paul, the sword.

St. Andrew, the transverse cross.

St. James major, the pilgrim's staff.

St. James minor, a club.

St. John, the chalice, with the serpent [see ante, p. 97]; sometimes the eagle also.

St. Philip, the staff or crosier, surmounted by a cross.

St. Thomas, a carpenter's rule.

St. Bartholomew, a large knife.

St. Simon, the saw.

St. Matthew, the purse [see ante, p. 74].

St. Thaddeus (or Jude), the halberd.

St. Matthias, the lance.

The meaning and origin of these attributes will be explained presently; but before entering on the individual history and character of the Apostles, I shall mention a few among the most celebrated examples of the series of the Twelve, as represented in places of worship or in detached pictures.

As statues in churches, the Apostles are usually placed on the screen or in front of the altar. In St. Mark's, at Venice, there is a series of fourteen statues thus placed; the twelve Apostles, with St. Mark and the Virgin:—grand colossal figures, the work of Jacobello in the fifteenth century. In contrast with these, and as a beautiful example of the Gothic sculptural treatment, I may mention the Twelve Apostles on the tomb of St. Sebald, in his church at Nuremberg, cast in bronze by Peter Vischer, about 1490. They are two feet high, all varied, all remarkable for the characteristic expression of the heads, and the grand simplicity of the attitudes and draperies.* In frescoes

* Casts of these noble figures have lately been brought to England. I saw some of them at Bruccan's, in Russell-street, Covent Garden.

and mosaics, they are usually in a line on each side of the Saviour; or grouped; or placed in a circle round the dome; sometimes we have only half-length figures in medallions (Hess has lately painted them thus on the vault of the All Saints' Church, at Munich); sometimes they are seated or throned amid clouds, as attending the triumph of the Saviour. The Twelve Apostles of Correggio, in the San Giovanni at Parma, are an eminent example of this treatment, remarkable for the discriminating propriety of character, as well as the sublimity of the general conception. Michael Angelo, in his 'Last Judgment,' has grouped them round the Saviour.

Very celebrated are the Twelve Apostles, engraved by Marc Antonio, after Raphael's designs, each with his appropriate attribute, and all admirably discriminated in form and bearing. There is a set by Lucas van Leyden, rather smaller, but magnificent in point of feeling. These two sets should be compared together as the most perfect examples of the best Italian and the best German manner; being quite different in character, yet, in point of style, as fine as possible. Both are in the British Museum. There is another series by Parmigianino, exceedingly graceful, but far less sublime. In the Boissière Gallery, there is a fine set by Israel von Meckenem, in the old German style, full of profound expression. St. John the Baptist is here included in the number of Apostles.

In the later schools of art, the proper attributes and characters of the Apostles are frequently neglected or mistaken. There is a series engraved by Agostino Carracci, famous as works of art, which, compared in sentiment and treatment with those of Raphael, L. v. Leyden and Peter Vischer, must be pronounced *vulgar*: here St. John is drinking out of his cup; an idea which might strike some people as a picturesque improvement—but it is in vile taste. Thaddeus has a saw as well as Simon; Peter has the papal tiara at his feet; James minor, bears the carpenter's rule; and Bartholomew has his skin thrown over his shoulders.

For the present, these examples will suffice to indicate the various styles in which the Apostles have been treated as a series, or grouped in their collective character: we shall now consider them separately.

The various events of the life of St. Peter are recorded in the Gospels and the Acts so minutely, that I may presume them to be familiar to the reader. From these we may deduce his character, which appears to have been more remarkable for passion and energy than sustained power. His traditional and legendary history is full of incidents, miracles, and wonderful and picturesque passages; and considering his importance and popularity as the Prince of the Apostles, and the founder of the Church of Rome, we cannot be surprised that representations of him in his individual character, as well as of his life and actions, should everywhere abound. Other saints have usually some locality in which they are particularly venerated; St. Peter, as the head of the Catholic Church, is a universal saint: but his chief seat is at Rome, where the grandest temple ever raised by mortal hands has been built to enshrine his relics.

In single representations, or as one of the series of Apostles, St. Peter is an old man, with a robust figure, a broad forehead, and an open, undaunted countenance; generally (but not always) bald, because so described by St. Clement and St. Jerome. His deportment, whether seated or standing, is more resolute than dignified. He bears in his hand the two keys, one of gold and one of silver, to absolve and to bind (Matt. c. xvi. v. 19); or, according to another version, one is of gold, one of iron, opening the gates of heaven and of hell: occasionally a third key expressing the dominion over earth, heaven, and hell. Sometimes, when he figures among the disciples in the Gospel stories, he holds a fish, as emblem of his original vocation (as in the 'Three Apostles' by Caravaggio, at Hampton Court). If the fish be given to him in single figures, it represents also the rite of baptism. He has generally a large book, i. e. the Gospel, in one hand. When represented as founder of the Church of Rome, he is usually seated on a throne; one hand raised in act to bless; the keys and a scroll in the other. He is thus exhibited in the famous bronze statue in St. Peter's, at Rome: also in a very old panel picture of the eleventh century, in the church of San Pietro in Bianchi, at Siena:

With all the defects of hard and imperfect execution, the expression of this ancient effigy is very fine and solemn (*vide d'Agincourt*, 97). Also in a picture of Cima, in the Milan Gallery, where he is not merely enthroned, but wears the triple tiara as Pope; the keys lie at his feet; on one side stands St. John the Baptist, and on the other St. Paul. Again, we have St. Peter in the pontifical habit, and wearing the tiara, by Herrera;† also, in the Vienna Gallery, is a picture by Mengs, representing St. Peter enthroned, holding the Gospel and the keys. In all these St. Peter is seated. Single figures of St. Peter, *standing*, with the book and keys, are of such perpetual occurrence as to defy all attempt to particularize them, and so familiar as to need no further illustration. I may mention, as one of the finest, that of Fra Bartolomeo, in the Quirinal, at Rome.

Those scenes and incidents related in the Gospels in which St. Peter is a principal or a conspicuous figure, I shall enlarge upon when treating of the subjects taken from the life of Christ; and shall merely indicate a few of them here, as illustrating the manner in which St. Peter is introduced and treated in such subjects. There is the 'Calling of Peter and Andrew,' where the two brothers are kneeling at the feet of the Saviour, the fishing-boats and the lake of Gennesareth in the background: a beautiful example of this subject is the picture of Ghirlandajo, in the Vatican. St. Andrew presenting St. Peter to our Saviour, by Cavalucci, is another version of the same subject. Most frequently, St. Andrew is at the feet of our Saviour, and St. Peter sitting on the edge of the boat, or descending from it. The 'Walking on the Sea,' of which the most ancient and the most celebrated representation is Giotto's mosaic, now over the principal door of St. Peter's, at Rome. Rubens has treated the same subject finely. The 'Miraculous Draught of Fishes,' of which the most celebrated example is the Cartoon of Raphael, at Hampton Court. Rubens has also treated the same subject with astonishing vigour and animation in his great altar-piece at Malines. 'St. Peter finding the Tribute Money,' by Rubens, is in the same cathedral. In the Transfiguration; in the Last Supper; in the 'Washing the Feet of the Disciples'; in the Agony and the Betrayal, St. Peter is introduced as a more or less prominent figure, but always to be distinguished from the other Apostles. In the scene of the Betrayal of Christ, St. Peter cutting off the ear of Malchus is sometimes a *too* prominent group; and I remember an old German print, in which St. Peter, having cut off the ear, is busy in replacing it. 'St. Peter denying the Saviour' has not often been painted; it seems to have been avoided in general by the best Italian painters, as derogatory to the character and dignity of the Apostle. The only examples I can recollect are, in the later Italian and Flemish schools: one by Valentin, who was not remarkable for elevated feeling; one in the Louvre (1855) also from the Caravaggio school: one by Teniers, and one by Rembrandt: the first adopting it as a vehicle for a guard-room scene, soldiers playing at cards, armour, &c.; the other as a vehicle for a fine artificial light. The 'Repentance of Peter,' on the contrary, is a subject often treated, but in the later, not in the earlier schools of Italy, and particularly by the painters of the Bologna school; in some instances most beautifully: it was a subject peculiarly suited to the genius of Guercino, who excelled in the expression of profound, rather than elevated feeling, and by him there is a picture of St. Peter, "weeping bitterly," while the Virgin sits by, in motionless grief. (Louvre, 1037.) Lanfranco, Ribera, and Contarini have treated it. In the Louvre is a very small, but most beautiful example by Murillo, in which the treatment is more ideal, than literal as to fact; two figures only, the Saviour bound to a column, and St. Peter kneeling before him, in an attitude of the deepest anguish and humiliation. Half-length figures of St. Peter, looking up with an expression of repentant grief, and wringing his hands, are of frequent occurrence, more especially in the later followers of the Bologna schools.

The delivery of the Keys to Peter, and the Charge to Peter ("Feed my sheep,") either in separate pic-

† We have the same picture in Milton:—

—last came

The Pilot of the Galilean lake.

Two massy keys he bore, of metals twain,

(The golden opens, the iron shuts again).

He shook his mitred locks.

tures or combined into one (as in the Cartoon of Raphael), have been of course favourite subjects in that church, which founds its authority on these particular circumstances. A most beautiful example is the picture of Perugino in the Vatican: the conception is quite ideal; the composition regular even to formality, yet solemn and striking: it contains twenty-one figures: in the centre Peter, kneeling on one knee, receives the keys from the hand of the Saviour; the apostles and disciples are arranged on either side behind Christ and St. Peter; the background is architectural, a temple in the midst, and on each side a triumphal arch. In the Cartoon at Hampton Court, the scene is an open plain; Christ stands on the right, in front St. Peter kneels, with the keys in his hand, Christ extends one hand to Peter, and with the other points to a flock of sheep in the background; *—the other apostles standing behind Peter, show in each countenance, the different manner in which they are affected by the words of the Saviour. Poussin has treated the same subject; Guido, Muziano, and others; in the Flemish school, Rubens.

Peter and John, curing the lame man at "the gate called Beautiful," is the subject of one of the Cartoons; and the Miracles of Peter and John, where they bring out the sick, and place them in the shadow of Peter, that they may be healed, we find beautifully treated by Masaccio, among the famous frescoes of the Brancacci Chapel at Florence, also by Perin del Vaga, by Nicolo Poussin, and by Romanelli.

Peter preaching to the early converts, has been represented by Masaccio, by Vasari, Polidoro, Costanzi, and with great beauty of sentiment by Le Sueur. The Death of Ananias is the subject of one of the Cartoons of Raphael. The Death of Sapphira, by Poussin, is in the Louvre. We have the Death of Dorcas, by Le Sueur; she is seen extended on a couch, St. Peter, and two other apostles approach the foot of it; the poor widows weeping show to St. Peter the garments which Dorcas had made for them. St. Peter raising Tabitha to life, by Costanzi, is in the Vatican.

The Imprisonment of Peter, and his deliverance by a celestial visitant, offer such obvious points of dramatic and picturesque effect that they have been repeated in every variety of style. Masaccio has represented St. Peter in Prison looking through his grated window, while St. Paul stands outside communing with him (Acts, xii. 7), a noble composition. Raphael has painted the same subject, in the Vatican. Gerard Honthorst, who excelled in effects of artificial light, of course seized upon this subject. Rembrandt has painted it with his wondrous luminous power: but no painter has treated it so often as Steenwick, the famous architectural painter. At Windsor and Hampton Court there are, I think, five or six prison scenes of vast gloomy architecture, in which a little St. Peter and an angel, or a St. Peter and sentinel, placed somewhere as figures, point out the subject, or rather serve to give the subject a name.

The story of Peter and Simon Magus, is one of the most extraordinary and most popular of the legends connected with St. Peter. Simon, a famous magician among the Jews, had astonished the whole city of Jerusalem by his wonderful feats, but his inventions and sorceries were overcome by the real miracles of Peter, as the Egyptian magi had been conquered by Aaron. St. Augustin tells us, as a characteristic trait of the fiery spirited apostle, that "if he had fallen on the traitor Simon he would certainly have torn him to pieces with his teeth." Simon Magus, vanquished by a superior power, flung his books into the Dead Sea, broke his wand, and fled to Rome, where he became a great favourite of the Emperor Claudius, and afterwards of Nero. Peter, being bent on counteracting the wicked sorceries of Simon, followed him to Rome; about two years after his arrival he was joined there by the Apostle Paul: so far the tale may be said to have Scriptural authority. In the legend, Simon Magus having asserted that he was himself a god, and could raise the dead, Peter and Paul rebuke his impiety and challenge him to do so in presence of the Emperor. The arts of the magician fail; but Peter and Paul restore a youth to life, and on many other occasions Simon is vanquished and put to shame by the

* The introduction of the sheep has been criticized as at once too literal and too allegorical—a too literal transcript of the words, a too allegorical version of the meaning; but I do not see how the subject could have been otherwise told in painting, which must speak to us through sensible objects.

miraculous power of the Apostles. At length he undertakes to fly in the air in presence of the Emperor and the people; and crowned with laurel, and supported by demons, he flings himself from a tower, and appears for a while to float thus in the air. Then St. Peter, falling on his knees, commands the demons to let go their hold, and Simon, precipitated to the ground, is dashed to pieces. A very ancient, curious, and picturesque version of this subject is painted in fresco, on the walls of the Cathedral at Assisi, and supposed to be by Giunta Pisano, who flourished before Giotto: the figure of Simon Magus floating in the air, and sustained by hideous demons, is strangely dreamy and fanciful: it is engraved in Otley's Early Italian School. In later times, about 1770, this subject was painted by Battoni, for the Carthusian Church, at Rome: it was intended to be executed in mosaic for St. Peter's, but, on consideration, the incident was rejected, as too apocryphal for admission.

Among the subjects on the walls of the Brancacci Chapel, already alluded to, the finest of all is that in which St. Peter and St. Paul are accused before Nero of despising the idols; a magnificent composition. On the right, the Emperor is seated on his throne; on each side his councillors and attendants. The countenances finely varied, some of them animated by attention and curiosity, others sunk in deep thought. The two Apostles and their accuser, Simon Magus, are in front; the countenance of Peter full of energetic expression, as he points to the broken idol at his feet. Another subject is the resurrection of the youth (who, in the story, is called the emperor's nephew), a composition of numerous figures. In the centre stands St. Peter, and before him kneels the youth; a skull and a few bones placed near him, express his return from death to life. The variety of countenance in the assembled multitude who witness the miracle, is quite wonderful.

St. Peter is supposed to have suffered martyrdom at Rome, in the first persecution of the Christians under Nero, when the tyrant threw upon them the blame of having fired the city. Terrified by the barbarities inflicted on his brethren, the Apostle departed from Rome, but as he fled along the Appian Way, he was met by the vision of our Saviour travelling towards the city; struck with amazement, he exclaimed "Domine, quo vadis?" Lord, whither goest thou? to which the Saviour replied, "I go to Rome, to be crucified a second time," and vanished. St. Peter taking this for a sign that he was to submit to the sufferings prepared for him, immediately turned back, and re-entered the city. This vision is the subject of several known pictures. It has been treated by Raphael in the Vatican (Eng. Bonasone), by Nicolo Alunno (1492); in a small curious picture in the Louvre (854) by Cavalucci; and by Annibal Carracci, in the small and highly finished picture in our National Gallery, which is a fair example of the usual mode of treatment.

A few days after his return, St. Peter was seized and condemned to be crucified, and at his own request with his head downwards, that his death might be even more painful and ignominious than that of his divine Master. In the most ancient representation of this subject I have yet met with, St. Peter, raised on the cross with his head downwards, wears a kind of long shirt which is fastened round his ankles—(vide d'Agincourt, xii., from an illuminated MS.) In the picture of Giotto, preserved in the Vatican, we have the cross erected between the two "Metæ," and twenty-two figures of soldiers and attendants; among them a woman who embraces the foot of the cross: above are seen angels bearing the soul of the martyred saint in a glory towards heaven. Masaccio painted the same subject in the chapel of the Brancacci. It is one of the celebrated frescoes of Michael Angelo, in the Capella Paolini, in the Vatican, a grand composition of forty-two figures: St. Peter is nailed upon the cross, which a number of men are exerting their utmost strength to raise from the ground. Guido's fine composition contains only three figures—the saint and two executioners. The famous picture, by Rubens, of this subject, forms the altar-piece of the Church of St. Peter, at Cologne; it was his last work; the principal figure, filling nearly the whole canvas, is full

* The goals or termini in the circus were thus styled; they were in the form of pyramids or obelisks, as represented by Giotto.

of vigour, truth, and nature, but the agony of the aged saint coarsely and painfully literal.

St. Peter is occasionally represented with St. Mari, who was his companion and interpreter at Rome; as in a very fine picture by Bonvicino in the Milan Gallery: they stand together; St. Peter reading in a book, St. Mark holding the scroll and ink-horn: it is as if he were submitting to St. Peter the Gospel he has just penned.

Generally, however, the proper pendant to St. Peter is St. Paul: we find them constantly represented together. In ancient churches, their proper place is on each side of the figure of our Saviour, or on each side of the altar; and pictures of Christ or of the Virgin and Child enthroned, with St. Peter standing on one side and St. Paul on the other, as the two pillars and guardians of the church, occur perpetually.

CONSERVATIVE CLUB-HOUSE.

[Second Article.]

It would, perhaps, have been more methodical had we spoken of the general architectural arrangements and design of the interior, before attending to the pictorial adornment with which it is arrayed. However, the commendation which we can now bestow, will hardly prove the less welcome. Here, in the hall and staircase, the architect has played his part well:—they are scenic and novel in character, full of variety and play, and productive of a succession of effects and perspective combinations. At the same time, they are so managed, that, in themselves, they are not too ambitious for the rest of the interior. It is the prodigality of colour, and the great difference of character, in that respect, between them and the other rooms, which throw them out of keeping, and by imparting a certain bouidoir air and complexion, occasion more of showiness than dignity.

What a portico is externally, that are hall and grand staircase within a building—the architect's *cheval de bataille*—the focus where effect is concentrated—the scene of architectural display and pomp. One reason why architects usually put forth all their strength in that part of a building, may be because, while it lends itself more easily than any other to architectural design, they have the satisfaction of knowing that it will remain entirely their own work—that it is their own privileged domain, secure from invasion by decorators and upholsterers. Other rooms may shine in the borrowed plumage of costly hangings and splendid furniture; and indeed architects themselves seem to be of opinion, that they require only to be prepared for such trappings, otherwise they would probably endeavour to bestow more of architectural character upon them, and moreover to produce greater variety of it. Yet hall and staircase are generally made to promise too much, which would not be so frequently the case were it not that what follows them is suffered to perform so little; besides which, they are apt to overpower the other parts of the interior, if not always by superior quality, by quantity—that is, comparative excess of space, especially in regard to loftiness; which last is frequently such as to cause all the rooms, however well they may be proportioned in themselves, to suffer by contrast. Neither is this inconvenience much mended by making the apartment first entered from the staircase, a saloon of ampler dimensions and greater loftiness than the others, since that does not get rid of the anti-climax, but merely postpones it, and perhaps somewhat softens its abruptness.

For the conduct of this part of their plan, the architects of the Conservative are entitled to great praise: by interposing a vestibule between the entrance and the hall and staircase, they have lengthened the approach, and thereby given the idea of greater extent; and instead of throwing both hall and staircase together into one open lofty space that would have looked as large as all the rest of the house, they have divided that space so judiciously, that instead of any effect being lost by such separation, a great deal is gained of a more varied and piquant kind. There is what strikes not the eye alone, but the imagination also: although the whole is not fully disclosed at once, what is partially seen, acquires, in consequence, increased value and interest, and almost every different point of station produces a different picture. The hall itself is a square of thirty-five feet, therefore considerably less than

that of the Reform Club, which is nearly of the same dimensions (or 33 by 28) in the centre portion, or that surrounded by the colonnades. Yet it is quite spacious enough, and looks even more so than it really is, owing to the lowness of its proportions, the height not exceeding nineteen feet, which is that of the other rooms on the ground-floor. Then, it will be said, it must be considerably too low for architectural beauty, and such would undoubtedly have been the case, but for the expedient that has been resorted to. One of the most obvious modes of proportioning the space to the height without increasing the latter, was to contract it by means of columns, thereby reducing it in the centre to nearly a cube; but for that there was not sufficient space—the hall would have looked too confined and crowded. The other course would have been to carry up the hall the height of two floors, which would have given it loftiness enough—and very much more than was desirable, since, in that case, it would have been both disproportionately high in itself, and would have had an injurious effect upon the rooms; besides which, those upper floors could have been reached only by a narrow landing gallery, leading from the staircase along two sides of the hall. All these difficulties and objections were to be got over and obviated; and fortunate was it that they came in the way, otherwise hardly should we have had the present piece of internal architecture, equally ingenious in idea as it is novel and peculiar in effect. Instead of occupying the entire space with a single hall that would have been disproportionate in height, the architect has got two out of it—a lower hall and an upper one, or what is nearly equivalent to the latter, and forms an antechamber between the staircase and the drawing-room; whereby, space that would else seem to be thrown away, and in such manner, too, as to be a disadvantage to all the rest, is turned to excellent account; and while greater apparent extent of approach to the upper rooms is obtained, persons can pass to and fro without being seen from below, as would be the case on a mere open landing in the upper part of a hall. What we have thus far said, must, however, appear nearly unintelligible to those who have neither been within the building, nor seen plans and sections of it, until we explain—which we have intentionally deferred doing till now—how this part of the interior is actually arranged and shaped, and how, in consequence, the deficiency of height in the lower hall is remedied:—nor was that the only point to be accomplished, for it was imperatively necessary to admit light from above into that space, because had it no more than what it receives from the staircase—or could have received had the latter been thrown quite open to it—it would have been little better than gloom. Yet, perhaps, now, when we say that all difficulties have been overcome, all the peculiar advantages and effects—novelty of general character included—have been obtained by the simple and summary expedient of leaving a portion of the lower hall without ceiling, and of the upper one without floor, there being a large circular aperture of the same diameter as the dome (20 feet)—we shall be thought to have made much ado about nothing. "Is that all!"—we might have said so at once." Certainly; and it might then have been forgotten the next minute. As to the "that being all," it must be confessed, that what is here done is one of those things which, when they are done, people discover to be what anybody else might have done—if they had but thought of doing it. Consequently the praise due to its being done, cannot be withheld or diminished without at the same time accusing of want of ingenuity and contrivance, those who have all along either not been able, or have not cared, to find out what is now perceived to have been so very simple and so very easy. Those who are begrudging of their praise, may, in this case, dilute it by observing, that what is here done is not original after all; the idea may be found elsewhere: we have only to walk into the Pantheon Bazaar, and see a similar contrivance for admitting light into the inner hall by means of an open compartment in the ceiling; and very probably that may have directly furnished the hint, one of the joint architects of the Conservative having designed the new interior of the Oxford-street building. But the Bazaar holds out no more than a hint—and we only

wish architects would avail themselves of such hints more frequently than they do. In the Conservative Club-House, the same idea is expanded into something of such different and very superior character, as to preclude all comparison. The mode and purpose are essentially alike in both cases; but there all resemblance terminates.

While, being immediately under the dome, and of the same diameter, the opening in the ceiling of the hall admits ample light into it, and, in a more than ordinarily picturesque manner, it also opens up a captivating prospect of the upper hall or staircase saloon—one that is a most happy architectural *jeu de théâtre*. Just enough is shown at once to form a brilliant picture, framed in by the circular opening through which it is viewed; and the effect is rendered even poetical, by the powerful opposition of light and shade. Abandoning ourselves to the contemplation of this charming architectural spectacle, we willingly forget all errors and imperfections of the encaustic decoration. Satisfaction, however, is succeeded by an opposite feeling when we cast our eyes downwards upon the pavement of the hall, which is a tessellated one, and, in its general arrangement, corresponds with that of the ceiling, consisting of a large circular compartment within a square, the whole surrounded by a border, answering to the cove of the ceiling. So far all is unexceptionable; but we must protest against the pattern (if pattern it can be called) of the circular portion, which is merely scalloped all around on its inner circumference, with lines radiating from the points so formed to the centre. Any floor-cloth manufactory would, we think, have turned out a more tasteful specimen of pavement design. In fact, tessellated pavements do not seem likely to thrive with us. That of the Royal Exchange was obliged to be removed; and we almost hope that the one we are speaking of may experience the same fate—at least the centre compartment, which had better be without any pattern at all, if no better one can be devised. This remark comes in ungraciously, after the admiration just before expressed; but where there is so much inequality of taste, criticism must be a chequering of praise and censure.

Even now we have not done with this part of the interior, for there is one point to which we have not yet adverted at all, and upon which we can speak only conjecturally. It is possible that the encaustic decorations have been executed rather with a view to their effect by artificial light than by daylight, the drawing-room being professedly set apart as the evening room, and the evening being the time for greater display. No doubt, artificial light will do what stained glass in the windows would do by daylight. Yet, if something will be gained, not a little will also be lost; because, being nearly all glass, the dome overhead will appear only a dark void—an incongruity that might have been in some measure obviated by gilding the ribs and the metal-work of the framing. There will, no doubt, be a chandelier, with gas-burners, hanging from the dome; and as it will be reflected almost *ad infinitum* in the two opposite compartments, which are filled with looking-glass, and which we ought to have noticed before as greatly increasing the apparent extent of this saloon, the effect will be brilliant enough. Nevertheless, we could wish to see here introduced what would be a far more novel (and, upon the whole, far more effective) mode of lighting: were we consulted, we should say, by all means light up both staircase and saloon from the outside; let a flood of gaslight stream down through the dome. The drawing-room itself might show to all the greater advantage, inasmuch as there the display of chandeliers would be more striking on passing into it from the saloon. The mode here suggested presupposes, almost of course, the adoption of stained and semi-transparent glass for the dome, because otherwise much of the effect would be lost.

At the risk of being thought minute and tedious in our remarks, we have entered thus fully into the above points of architectural criticism, precisely because they refer to matters which most persons would not notice at all, unless actually forced upon their attention. Another excuse for us is, it is so very seldom that we meet with any subject of the kind which affords matter for criticism, that when we do, we are apt to fasten upon it somewhat

voraciously. Were the Conservative Clubhouse no more than some of its earlier predecessors, we might have dispatched it at a mouthful. We might have walked in and walked out again, without feeling any desire ever to pay it another visit.

THE NEW ROYAL EXCHANGE.

Sculpture.

A few remarks remain to be added, under this head, to our notices of the Royal Exchange,—though a portion only of the principal works intended for its decoration have as yet reached their pedestals. The Merchants' Area is yet without its presiding figure of the Queen. The niche in the clock-tower still waits for the statue of Sir Thomas Gresham,—on which Mr. Behnes is at work; and Mr. Joseph has not yet sent Sir Hugh Myddelton, to join the guard which Sir Richard Whittington already keeps over the approaches on the north. A statue, in marble, of Prince Albert has likewise been subscribed for by the merchants of London, and intrusted to the chisel of Mr. Lough,—whose place in the building is not yet fixed; and this recent addition to the sculptural illustrations of a mercantile Exchange demands a few words of observation, ere we proceed to remark on the completed works of its class.

The most conspicuous and imposing of these sculptures, from the place which it occupies and the scope afforded, should be the work of Mr. Westmacott, on the tympanum of the pediment of the portico, looking west; and it would be so, but for a sculptural out-work which, of necessity, first arrests the attention. It is not to be supposed that the enlightened citizens of London would, of deliberate intention, place right in the way of their magnificent Exchange, a positive and abrupt interruption of its leading idea—an actual discord in the harmony of its design. Whether, however, the statue of His Grace, Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington be a fitting introduction to a building especially destined to such purposes as flourish best in time of peace, our readers may at once judge, on the bare statement of the proposition. But its inappropriateness will strike them far more strongly, in view of the object itself. Standing, as it does, prominently and authoritatively on this prelude space, it is impossible to disconnect it from the edifice with which it groups and composes,—or to escape the feeling that the class of associations which it raises are not prefatory to the readings of the main structure in whose system it is placed. Occupying the very spot which may figuratively be called the commercial centre of the world,—the point to which, certainly, all the great commercial relations of our own city tend and converge,—it fails entirely as an expression of those relations,—even without reference to its syntactical defect in combination with the Merchants' Palace, to which it should belong by sentiment, as it belongs by position. Not only have the citizens committed a grievous error in placing an illustrious warrior at the door of their mercantile mart, but they have lost thereby the opportunity of making some striking monumental addition to the unity and completeness of its design. Instead of planting in the direct path of their new structure a diversion of its ruling thought,—a figure importunately raising a class of suggestions of its own, that have to be dismissed for an entirely different train of associations as the steps of the building are ascended,—they might have found on this spot some record for sculpture, by which, in the first instance, the proper intimations of the place should have been conveyed, and the mind directed forward to the volume in which they are more fully developed and more clearly expressed. And this, which is very importantly true of a statue placed so conspicuously in evidence as that of the Duke, is a truth applying also to all the statues which shall be adopted as embellishments of the Royal Exchange. All should have some relation of thought to the place in which they stand. The image should belong to the temple. In every case where the individual is honoured, the *genius loci*, too, should have his superior homage. No idol has a right to come here, claiming a worship foreign to the scene. The statues, in their several expressions of honour to the originals whom they represent, should be all ultimately ministrant to the one presiding idea. This is a principle which, with the exception of the great error on horseback in front, has hitherto been observed in the selection of statues for the Royal Exchange. The

reigning Sovereign may, at all times, by an allowable artistic fiction, be considered—as in political theory he is—the immediate guardian of a country's commerce; yet, in the use of this sort of indulgence the governing committees have been severe. The three only sovereigns to whom pedestals have been allowed are, Elizabeth, Charles II., and Queen Victoria,—the monarchs in whose reigns, and under whose encouragement, real or implied, the three several buildings that have formed the Merchants' Exchange arose. The remaining three statues are those of the original founder, and of two others of London's eminent citizens, whose "good" was not "interfered with their bones," but whose works of munificence survive to our day. These are, Sir Richard Whittington, London's famous Lord Mayor—entitled to a place in stone or marble anywhere reached by the sound of Bow-bells—those ancient chimneys, with which his name and image are somehow mysteriously mixed up,—and Sir Hugh Myddelton. By this sparing use of sculptural commemoration, the merchants have left themselves the power of yet adding importantly to the associations and embellishments of their great building. But by what possible stretch of construction they are to bring within the principle hitherto observed—and the true one—a statue of Prince Albert, it passes our ingenuity to discover. What conceivable relation is there between this prince and the Merchants' Exchange (or between him and the great interests of the City of London, which it visibly represents)?—for, to call the mere casual and unmeaning fact of his having taken a part in some of the ceremonies attending its construction a reason for placing him among the selected worthies, who are there because of the influence which they exercised upon those interests, is to defend a mere idle piece of flattery by an argument more idle still. There are abundant means of honouring the consort of our Queen, without disturbing the sentiment, and sacrificing the harmony, of a great public building, for the purpose. Prince Albert is positively no more to the merchants of London—as merchants, and a great corporation of merchants—than Hecuba. Let them, nevertheless, erect a statue to him, if they will,—but not here. The Prince is a man of taste—not likely to be flattered by an error of taste; and a man of sense who, in the interests of the merchants themselves, should refuse a mere personal homage, conceived in a spirit unfit to have the direction of great national works of Art, and rendered at a sacrifice which makes it a reproach. Really, this setting-up of idols, and bowing the knee to them, in inconvenient places, is worthy of more barbarous times than ours, and must be revolting and oppressive to the objects themselves of the idolatry. The New Exchange has not a pedestal to spare for mere courtesies. There is no room for half the men whose statues might enlarge the thought of which the building should be the expression, and dignify it into a grand commercial temple. However numerous or rich the accessories, it is by harmony alone that grandeur of design is attained. The men who should figure here, are—the great prince-merchants who have dignified the title, and conferred benefits on their fellow-citizens—the great navigators and travellers, who have extended the bounds of geographical knowledge, and thereby enlarged the field of commercial enterprise—the great scientific discoverers, who have multiplied the productive powers of industry, broken down the barriers which obstructed the exchanges of the earth, or given the merchant new agents for the control of time and space—the great philanthropists who have redeemed large sections of the human race, taken the curse from British commerce, and washed out the plague-spot from the flag of England—or the heroes, if heroes there must be, who have been especial champions of the City's charters and constitutions; and the statesmen, if there must be statesmen, who have done some great thing towards opening up the markets of the world. These are the fit subjects for the commemorative part of a building like the Royal Exchange,—exalting and ennobling, by their associations, its daily uses. They furnish a tolerably wide field for selection; and with claimants like these, there are no thrones for committees to give away in compliment.

But these remarks are detaining us too long from the most prominent work of sculpture belonging to the building itself—the figures on the pediment. For

the display of a work of art, Mr. Westmacott has been most fortunate in a site—if that very temptation of site have not acted as a snare to him—if the desire for effect have not induced him to sacrifice purity of design. In some measure, the character of the illustration was prescribed by its place,—as, to a certain extent, the arrangement of the figures was controlled by the form of the pediment. Placed, as it were, on the forehead of the building, it was, of course necessary that the sculpture, like an inscription, should speak something of the doings within:—and to bring the figures to a common standard, the erect ones were of necessity to be confined to the centre, while the stooping and sitting ones should be distributed along the gradually lessening height, on each side. Within these conditions, the genius of the sculptor was unfettered:—and genius has worked miracles in narrower limits. Of Mr. Westmacott's work we will say, in the first place, that it is effective—has richness, diversity, powerful relief, and lively action, to fit it to its place, and catch the eye at a distance. We may add that, on a nearer approach, these merits remain—and are enhanced by others. The figures are many of them excellently modelled,—the groups well composed,—the difficulties arising from the shape of the tympanum (with an important exception) overcome naturally and without seeming effort—the lines well broken. It is eloquent enough, too, in its expression—though commonplace in the form of its eloquence. A part of its story it tells plainly, in very lively narrative, but in prose:—in the other part, where it grows figurative, it becomes a little obscure, yet scarcely more poetical. As a work of art, it has, to our thinking, some serious defects. Of these, the first and greatest is, that it is composed of two distinct and discordant ideas,—while there can be no great work of art without unity of design. A truth may be conveyed either in direct terms or in the language of fable; and, in either case, the mind, understanding the form, equally receives the truth:—but if fact and fable be mixed up together on the same page, a mystification is produced, and the simple moral is difficult of extraction. The centre of Mr. Westmacott's composition represents a figure of Commerce, wearing the mural crown, standing on the advanced balcony of some castellated place of strength, having the bee-hive and ship among her emblems, and holding in her hand the charter of the Exchange. This part of the design is cut off from the rest by a two-fold line of separation,—though originating in one defect. In the first place, it is allegorical,—while all the remaining figures represent realities; and in the next, and because of the first, this central figure is exalted above the standard of size common to all the others—being ten feet high, as an allegorical lady should be when the human personages about her are seven. The worst of the matter is (and here is the important exception to which we alluded above), that this looks like a poor device for occupying the larger space on the tympanum subtended by the apex. Right and left of this abstraction, and having no connexion with the lady whatever,—far too busy to see her,—are extended sixteen figures, in varied and sometimes picturesque forms, attitudes and costumes, representing the British merchant in his relations with the various traders of the earth. The allegorical portion of the design being in the centre, the composition is practically divided into three compartments, though the two lateral ones are separated parts of a consistent whole. Thus, not only have we a design speaking two different languages; but the groups which form the more direct representation are too much broken and scattered (not for picturesque effect, but for art), the figures too individual,—both having too little reference to a common and presiding idea, so far as that reference is to be expressed by composition. The meaning is told in episodes only. The parts (always excluding the allegory) correspond, but do not cohere,—belong to a whole, but want so putting together as to compose it. There is a want of epic treatment. The whole *tableau* itself seems, like the Merchants' Area within, a sort of Exchange; in which a number of groups are met, having a common purpose, but not combined by it—engaged in one pursuit, yet separated even by that into many parts. This, which is truth in the Merchants' Area, is not true Art. In the Merchants' Area, the musing spectator may see mentally the community of meaning which binds

together all these scattered groups—but on the pediment it is the sculptor's business to suggest it. On the one, as in the other, it may be inferred—but it is incumbent upon art to express it. The central figure, it is true, is meant to be the key to the whole composition—the common expositor to which all these episodes refer; but, as we have said, it is written in a character not their own—and is otherwise a clumsy and common-place contrivance. It is not impossible, however, that this more familiar and easy representation of objects so well understood, aided by the spirited modelling and clever chiselling (the material is compact limestone), may recommend the composition to those who care little for the canons of Art:—and altogether, we think the work better calculated to be popular as an illustration, than to stand the test of strict criticism.

Passing from the portico, under a coat of the royal arms,—engraved over the western entrance to the interior of the Exchange, with admirable spirit and effect, by Mr. Carew,—we find in the Merchants' Area two statues only; in the north-east angle that of Queen Elizabeth,—and in the south-east that of King Charles II. These are the sole representatives of the long line of sovereigns with which Cibber and others had adorned the former building,—the statue of her present Majesty not yet, as we have said, occupying its place in the centre of this quadrangle. Of the second of them, we need only say, that it is the old marble statue, by Spiller, which stood in the centre of the former Exchange, furnished up for the new one by Mr. Watson. Our readers are familiar with the Roman garb in which it was the sculptor's pleasure, for reasons that have not, like the figure itself, survived to our day, to exhibit the luxurious monarch. It might not be too much to suspect the artist of a concealed satire; or, at least, he has achieved an unintentional one. But, apart from the epigram, the presentation of a prince like Charles in the habit of an old Roman, is an absurdity of the same kind—a sacrifice of meaning—which makes soldiers and princes, merely as such, the monumental ornaments of a house of assembly for merchants. The statue of Queen Elizabeth is from the chisel of Mr. Watson himself,—English in its language, and true to all the Elizabethan traditions. The historical character, costume, and bearing of the Royal lady are matters of conventionalism too decided to allow tampering with by the artist. Like the crowned original, in her time, they are not things to bear tricks being played with them. The sculptor of to-day must represent Elizabeth "in her armour as she lived." Sceptre and ball and tiara—boddice and ruff—the queenly mantle and the rich and heavy drapery—are all of the prescriptions of the subject. There is no boudoir-dealing with this queen,—she must be presented in her state. Accessories and treatment are as unplastic as the substance by which they are here rendered. This is not a favourable combination for Art. Notwithstanding some richness and variety in the materials their disposition after the old stiff form exposes the stiffness of the personating medium. Mr. Watson's task is not the one which the artist would select,—but his work has merit. Something has been added to the variety of his means, by the use of gilding on the sceptre and the points of the tiara. The bearing is queenly and characteristic—as well as the costume; the drapery heavy, but well disposed, and having something characteristic, too; the delicate Tudor features finely chiselled; the expression sweet and majestic. It should be no cause of quarrel with the artist that her Majesty is in her best looks,—as she might be supposed to be when presenting herself to her good citizens of London; or that her best is a little bettered by his art,—a licence immemorably within the terms of Art's patent. But, whether from some foreign effect of the light in which this "counterfeit presentation" stands, or from the natural effect of the rather coarse and imposing feature itself, as seen from below, (which last we doubt,) there is a strong dark line above the bridge of the nose, continued by a deep shadow under the eyes, which suggests a disloyal question as to her Majesty's title to the former feature as her own,—giving it the appearance of being stuck on, like a mask.

We may mention, as amongst the works of sculpture preparing for the Royal Exchange, a monument, by which Mr. Sanders is directed to replace that which stood on the stairs leading to Lloyd's Rooms,

in honour of Capt. Lydekker,—the munificent benefactor to the Seamen's Hospital Society; the old monument having perished in the fire of 1838.

Occupying one of two niches in the centre of the northern exterior, above the line of rusticated arches, is a statue of Whittington,—itself worth a visit to the Royal Exchange to see. Here, the sculptor's authorities have been further to seek, and his "modern instances" less arbitrary; and free scope has been afforded to his taste and skill for that combination of the authentic and the picturesque, so necessary to the due artistic idea of him who survives to London by the direct and substantial evidence of some of her noblest endowments, yet has a sort of indistinct existence in the far perspective and fading light of her legendary lore. Whittington, of whose coming greatness the chimes of the great city prophesied,—and whose buried goodness its charities record; seen in the dim and pleasant atmosphere of civic romance, through the day-dreams of him who hears the airy voices of the distant city come softened on the breezes that wing their way up Highgate Hill, and restored to the region of the positive when the same citizen's returning footsteps loiter past St. Bartholomew's or Guildhall: the pattern-apprentice—and the merchant-prince; the friendless youth, whose sole possession, in the nursery-reading of Cockaigne, was "one fair" cat,—and the thrice-Mayor, who had many such floating in the port of London, according to the more prosaic interpretation of the name! Our readers are aware, that, among the craft which carried the flag of England in that day, was one called a cat; and Mr. Carew was, we believe, advised to connect the legend with his work, by placing a small model of such a vessel in the hand of his figure. In our opinion, he did rightly, in a work of this kind, to reject the puerile; and, content with the amount and quality of the ideal which remoteness of time and costume, latitude of composition, and choice of expression in attitude and feature, placed at his disposal, to present this famous citizen in those great and characteristic aspects which form his claim to a place among such of London's worthies as are chosen to illustrate her Exchange. He stands here in a well and picturesquely composed arrangement of the Mayor's and merchant's garb, of the time of Richard II. His left hand rests upon the civic sceptre (as the mace was then called), which, with its shaft of crystal surrounded by rings of pearls, and its surmounting coronet of gold and silver inlaid with precious stones, is still preserved in the Chamberlain's Office, at Guildhall. The loose tunic, gathered up and restrained by the girdle,—below which it falls in broad folds, while above it forms into flutes on the wide and ample chest,—is overlaid by a cloak of minever; and the head-dress, which is that of the merchants of the time,—a sort of cap or handkerchief, with lappets hanging down the sides of the head, and a somewhat unmanageable costume, as we should have anticipated,—is made, with great art, to add at once a quaintness to the picture and a grace to the features. From the girdle is suspended the pouch, out of which the merchants of that day dispensed their liberalities,—and which pouch, made of gold and silver thread, richly ornamented, and embossed with the City shield in the centre, may yet be, also, seen in the office of the City Chamberlain. Round the neck is worn the double SS. collar,—similar to that of I.H.S., carried by some of the dignitaries of the Catholic Church, to this day, on the Continent; and from the girdle hang the rosary,—borne about as the prayer-book of the time, it being, then, the habit of merchants to frequent the churches on the week-days, mingling religion with the business of their lives,—and two heavy tassels, ministering to the richness of the composition, and helping the relief. The attitude is remarkable for ease, spirit and dignity,—the face full of character and intelligence,—and the whole work informed with that moral which honours,—and should flatter,—the City a thousand times more than the bringing of princes among her merchants,—exhibiting her merchants, like those of the Tyrians of old, as indeed princes themselves.

The companion-statue to this ancient "knight and citizen," that of Sir Hugh Myddelton,—the statue of Sir Thomas Gresham, (which should have had the conspicuous site in front of the Royal Exchange, as its originating idea),—those of the Queen and (unless the citizens should choose a more appropriate locality), Prince Albert,—and the monument to Lydekker,—

must be the subjects of a future notice, when they shall have reached their respective places in the building.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

WILSON'S SCOTTISH ENTERTAINMENTS will be resumed on Monday Evening, the 10th February, at Eight o'clock, in the MUSIC HALL, STORE-STREET, BEDFORD SQUARE. The selection from the SONGS OF SCOTLAND on the Opening Night, will comprise many old favourites, and some that it is hoped may become so. Pianoforte, Mr. J. and Co. The Programme may be had at the Music Shops, and at the Music Hall. Reserved Seats, 2s. 6d.; Second Seats, 2s.; Private Boxes, 15s. and 17.

The MUSICAL UNION.—The advertisement respecting this "Union," as it is called, which has lately appeared in the daily papers, differs so widely from the circular on which we recently commented, that, for the sake of justice to all parties, we must return to the subject. In the first place we have been told that "from February to August," the period originally mentioned for the duration of the concerts, to be given once a fortnight, does not include either month; if so, the Royal President and Ambassadors Vice President affix meanings to prepositions and particles different from those in use among simple critics and caterers for the public: and a suspicion is abroad that, availing themselves of this interpretation, the original promise has been already pared down to "a first series of five concerts!" But this cannot be allowed,—the condition of the bond is thirteen concerts for one guinea; and the parties who were so fortunate as to be known to the select few, and thus got admitted as subscribers, are entitled to a second series of eight concerts, without further payment. Next, in place of the brilliant list of artists enumerated in the prospectus, and the "every improvement of which last year's performances were susceptible," we find that the actual engagements consist of MM. Sauton, Goffré, Hill, Ella, and Rousselot. These are all good quintett players, but after the show of last year, including "Mendelssohn, Moscheles, Döhler, Ernst, Sivori, Piatti," the announcement of their names is "snowing brown" with a vengeance! To illustrate further,—in 1844 Mendelssohn, composer and pianist, performed at Mr. Ella's party his own Trio, with Ernst for violinist (if we mistake not). Now to improve on such a performance the Director of the Musical Union is bound at least to engage M. Thalberg, who is just now happily accessible, to perform some such classical work as the Septuor of Hummel, or the Sextuor of Onslow. Will he do this, giving the pianist his full terms, and support analogous to that given to Mendelssohn in 1844? Can the Musical Union afford it? Or has it already shrunk within the limits of a commonplace chamber concert? As matters stand, the programme falls short of those of Messrs. Mori or Blagrove's quartett meetings, for there we had the great pianists, home and foreign; moreover, classical vocal music sung by such first-rate artists as Miss Kemble, Madame Caradori, and Mrs. Shaw. What need for such a very humble affair as a Quartett or Quintett party in a private house, of President and Vice-Presidents, and "a record of proceedings"? These are not cavilling questions, but comparisons forced on us by the discrepancy between Circular and Advertisement,—between pretension and performance: necessary, moreover, to be drawn out, that the artists and the public may clearly comprehend the basis and nature of this "Musical Union." If it be accepted as at present constituted, and, without services to be repaid by promises and patronage, nothing of course remains to be said; but if the private parties given last year by Mr. Ella are to be repeated "with improvements," we must once more insist that, either "the Musical Union must become the Musical Ruin," or the Moscheles, Thalbergs, Döhlers, Ernsts, Sivoris, and Piattis be reduced into eleemosynary concessions, by the splendour of the names of those put forward as patrons, and (truth must out) the meanness hidden underneath, derogatory alike to the high standing both of patron and professor.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—The present being emphatically the season for rumours, realities must be reported briefly; this week then, we can but mention the performance of 'Judas Maccabeus' by the Sacred Harmonic Society, as having taken place,—and merely single out from the entertainments given at the first of Madame Duclen's Second Series of

Soirées, her very spirited performance of Beethoven's Concert in c minor, with full accompaniments; the cadence by Moscheles. It must also suffice us to say that the second Soirée, of the new series, given by the British Musicians, was not particularly interesting, the principal novelty being a pianoforte trio by Mr. Nente, and a quartet by Mr. Chipp,—and the singers being Miss Steele, Miss Cubitt, and Sig. Ferrari.

FOREIGN OPERA AND CONCERT RUMOURS.—The foreign journals declare that our Opera-season is to be opened by Sigs. Moriani, Corelli, and Fornasari, with Madame Rossi-Caccin, and Madame Castellan in place of Madame Persiani: the former a mannered singer, with a very small voice, who sung for some years as supplementary prima donna at the *Opéra Comique*. According to this statement, no Tamburini is coming, no Viardot; and, we hear, (though it sounds too courageous to be true) that the subscribers are again to have Miss Edwards forced upon them, by way of *Contralto*. We would fain call their attention to this, ere remedy be too late; since a few days will now probably unfold to them the intentions of the Italian Opera management. Meanwhile, the rumours from abroad are but sorry, as regards performance or promise. A Mademoiselle de la Grange, patronized by Rossini, seems, as far as those mysterious concoctions, the Italian journals, warrant a judgment, to be at present the singer best worth inquiring after. In Paris, owing to the recusancy of M. Hugo, and the lack of novelties, the music of 'Lucrezia Borgia' has been given to a new drama, 'La Rinegata.'—It seems universally admitted that M. Léon Pillet's management of *L'Académie* is "nodding to its fall." He has gone to law with the Italian Theatre for opening its doors to concerts and English players on the "off-nights," little heeding the example of H.M. the King, who placed the *Théâtre des Menus Plaisirs*, it is said, at the disposal of Mr. Mitchell's company; an offer, of which the extensive alterations demanded, precluded our countryman's acceptance. The papers, too, are full of M. Pillet's obstinate adherence to an insufficient prima donna, whose exactions have destroyed all sound plans of operation. Should he vacate his post, we trust it will once again be filled by M. Veron, a man who understood his public.—Something like a stir seems manifesting itself, just now, in German Opera; but the curious want of sympathy betwixt town and town—theatre and theatre—the determination at Cassel to ignore what is thought fine at Leipzig, and at Dresden not to cast in its lot with Berlin, &c.—make it difficult for the most clear-sighted of bystanders, or the most diligent student of the journals, to determine what is, or what is not, success.—At Hamburg, the 'Stradella' of M. Niddermeyer has been played several times with great applause. At Cassel, there has been given a new opera, by Spohr, 'The Crusader,' which appears to have turned out heavy. The Dresden journals speak in high terms of Marchner's last work, just produced there, the 'Kaiser Adolph of Nassau.' Lord Westmoreland, too, it is said, is about to produce his 'Eroe de Lancastro,' at Berlin: and further, to act as his own director on the occasion: an appearance which will figure as a rarity in the annals of English diplomacy. In spite of all this activity, the want of a new and convincing "utterance" in German dramatic composition seems well nigh as great as the want of first-class singers.

Though we seem as importunate as the horse-leech's daughters, we cannot cease to agitate for some novelties in the concert world.—The "monster" experiment made by M. Berlioz in the *Cirque* of the *Champs Elysées* of Paris, seems to have failed. The programme for a meeting meant to be miscellaneous must have been overlaid by the composer's own music, oddly interspersed with a violin solo, a pianoforte concerto by Beethoven, a selection from the 'Atys' of Piccini, and one of the most dramatic scenes from Gluck's 'Alceste,' crying aloud for the stage. Then the locality proved too vast: swallowing up all the more delicate portions of the concerted music, and rendering the solos ineffective. This failure is worth considering just at present, seeing that the fashion of concert halls is on the increase. It is worth asking how far it may be possible to outgo the scale of orchestra for which Beethoven wrote, and the proportionable size of its

audience, with chance of effect or pleasure. The difficulty is one seriously opposing itself to the popularizing of orchestral music; and to the due relishing of the complex and delicate works of the new school, when performed on a gigantic scale.—The elder establishments of Europe seem avoiding rather than courting enterprise. The *Gazette Musicale* of Paris declines reporting on the meetings of the *Conservatoire*, owing to the complete absence of any new attractions or features. From another source, however, we learn, that at the first concert, young Möser, violinist from Berlin, long known in the musical world as a boy of promise, appeared with very good success. Even at the winter concerts of Leipzig (where, by the way, our young singer, Miss Lincoln, is steadily maturing a first favourable hearing into an established success), the new productions appear to be but of mediocre interest—such as a Symphony by Hess, and a Battle Song and Chorus by Rietz, of Dusseldorf.—The *Conservatoire* of Brussels, thanks to the energy of M. Fétis, is coming forward in the article of good execution (the Belgian school of stringed instrument players has long threatened to take the lead); but we find in the record too small an account of original composition.

COVENT GARDEN.—On Monday last, a new five-act drama, by Mr. H. Spicer, entitled 'Honesty,' was produced at this theatre. We said of this gentleman's earliest work [*Athen.*, No. 629], that it possessed "passages combining both poetic beauty and dramatic interest." Nor can such praise be altogether denied to the piece now acted, and which has been before the public, or at least purchasable, for the last three years. Its production at last has not, we believe, been attained without some personal efforts on the author's part. On such an occasion, it would be absurd to look for more than a manifestation of the instinct for dramatic writing—the full development must wait for opportunity, experience, and encouragement. We were not at all surprised, therefore, to find the piece defective in many stage-relations—such, for instance, as the unartistic introduction of persons and incidents without due preparation, and the intrusion of a mystery, which, however proper to a novel, is not only out of place, but dangerous, in a drama—where, indeed, while much is risked by it, nothing is gained. Owing to the first defect, the expectation of the audience was not sufficiently excited for what was coming, while they continually experienced all the shock of a surprise, without the justification of a reason, or the reward of an effect. Owing to the second defect, the plot of the play became unintelligible in the midst of the third act, where decision of action is, above all things, desirable; and the performance accordingly suffered so much peril, that shipwreck seemed almost inevitable. The point, however, was skillfully weathered, and that danger over, the vessel came to harbour triumphantly. The play possesses an advantage which belongs to few modern dramas—it has a story, and one character, *Francis Gage*, performed by Mr. F. Vining, which in the hands of a more powerful actor, would have made a strong impression. The idea is somewhat original; it is that of an honest advocate, who will only undertake cases which have justice on their side, and consequently remains in primitive poverty. At length, he is compelled to accept the cause of an alleged paricide, whose case, as stated to him, admits of no mitigating circumstances, and consequently suffers extreme mental anguish. Whether the existence of a conscientious lawyer be or not among the possibilities of actual things, the belief in such a rare specimen of almost incorruptible humanity, bespeaks for the author an amiability of imagination, and, perhaps, disposition, for which he deserves credit. The virtuous *Gage*, however, has a foil in one *Douglas Trafford* (Mr. Vandenhoff), the cousin and favoured suitor of *Julia* (Miss Vandenhoff), the daughter of *Sir Philip Lancaster* (Mr. Archer). *Trafford* has run through his fortune, and expects to repair it by his union with the daughter of the wealthy knight; but, her pride being offended by his brawling in her presence, is ultimately rejected by the lady. In revenge, he murders her father, but so contrives to implicate her in the act, that she is tried and condemned for it. *Gage*, who is her advocate, claims the wager of battle on her behalf, and meeting *Trafford* in mortal combat,

compels his confession just before his death. It must be added, that *Trafford* is not so much conquered by the prowess of his adversary, as by poison administered to him by one *In felice* (Mrs. Brougham) an Italian mistress whom he had discarded, but who haunts him in the disguise of a page. At the conclusion of the piece, Mr. Vandenhoff came forward, and apologized to the audience for the inefficient manner in which he had performed, owing to a six weeks' indisposition, and the great pain he constantly endured. On Miss Vandenhoff bouquets were showered in great profusion. It remains, however, to be proved, whether the new play will be sufficiently attractive to keep open the house for an extended period. The scenery and appointments are splendid, and if spectacle could give any piece a long run, the play of 'Honesty' would stand a fair chance.

SADLER'S WELLS.—On Thursday, Mr. T. J. Serle's long-announced play, entitled, 'The Priest's Daughter,' was produced. Mr. Serle is a practised playwright, and though his success was moderate in his two five-act pieces, 'The Merchant' and 'Master Clark,' yet his 'Joan of Arc' prospered for many nights. This circumstance seems to have shown him that his strength lay in the melo-dramatic direction, and apparently has induced him to rely on it in compositions of a more ambitious order. Let the story of his present play speak for itself. *Ambroise*, the curé of St. Valéry, admirably personated by Mr. Phelps, has, contrary to the obligations of his order, been married and had a daughter, *Madeline* (Mrs. Warner), who, if the fact were known, would, by a late edict, be the slave of *Count Robert* (Mr. Marston). The first act, however, is located in Dompont, where, the town being in a state of siege, the curé and his daughter are in peril. Count Robert, previously acquainted and violently in love with *Madeline*, hastens to her rescue, and gives her his signet-ring to secure her safety. Of this ring the curé afterwards possesses himself. The second act opens in St. Valéry, with *Madeline* and *Syphila* (Mrs. Marston), a vulgar housewife, under whose protection the former has long been placed by the curé to conceal his relationship, and who makes the supposed ward feel the weight of obligation, plotting, besides, to marry her to her lout of a son, *Luitprand* (Mr. J. Webster). After a scene or two of low farce, the plot begins to thicken, and *Madeline*, being left alone, is visited by the Count, with whom, to escape from domestic persecution, she absconds. Her father, agonized with fears for her honour, by aid of the signet-ring, pursues her into the castle of the Count, and brings her to a private interview. At first his efforts are vain to detach her from her admirer, but when, as his last resource, he discloses his true relationship, she yields to the harsh condition he imposes, and consents to wed at once with *Luitprand*, in order to give the crowd of citizens without a right to demand her from the Count as the wife of another. Count Robert, however, is too rapid in his movements to permit this result—and, after a slaughter of the citizens, returns to his banquet-room, where he discovers *Ambroise* and *Madeline* together. The former has poured poison into a wine-cup, to take the chance of the Count drinking it, and thus delivering *Madeline* at the last extremity. The priest had previously familiarized his mind with thoughts of murder, and in a soliloquy had already addressed to the phial an apology for suicide in desperate cases, and now, notwithstanding all the pleadings of his child, insists on the proposed assassination. The subsequent debate runs high between the priest, his daughter, and the Count, while the poison-cup is in the hand of the last, who, being stubborn in his purpose, is about to drink, when *Madeline* rushes towards and exchanges cups with him, determining to die in his stead. The state of the case being thus revealed to the Count, he dashes the goblet from her hand, and calls the priest an assassin. Poor *Ambroise* makes an end of the matter by killing himself; and then, being assured of the Count's conversion, and, indeed, induced to believe that his motives had all along been in some sort honourable, dies, repenting his own error and guilt, and blessing their promised union. The character of the piece is well enough suggested by this outline. The feelings are, in situations such as these, wrought up to a pitch of horror, with the foregone purpose of being melo-dramatically disappointed. Of

course all attempt at characterization is precluded by the nature of the effects, and the persons projected upon the stage are without individuality and consistency both of motion and action, that opportunity may be afforded for surprise, whenever theatrically effective. Thus the priest mixes together blessings and curses, pious maxims and sentiments of revenge, and is alternately presented as a hero and a villain. The style is equally incongruous, of which a brief specimen may serve. *Ambroise*, in the height of his passion, exclaims—"Curse! malediction! leprosy! and lightning!" The acting throughout was excellent. After the play, Mr. Serle came forward and, in a long speech, announced his intention of producing a series of such dramas; of which he trusted that the present would prove "the worst, as well as the first." We hope so too. The last act, it will be seen, from its incidents, was in the most objectionable manner of *Nat. Lee* and *Dryden*, without, alas! the relief of such poetry as with them cast a lustre over the excesses of bad taste and turgid conception. The impression it made was burlesque in the extreme. Whether the author, as suggested by a contemporary, designed his work as a condescension to the supposed rank of his audience, we know not; but far better would it have been to have attempted an elevation of both by something purer in conception and chaster in execution, if such be in his power to produce. Monstrosities of all kinds are immoral, and the contempt of genuine Art.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—*French Plays.*—The Londoners ought, this year, to give especial welcome to the French players, in return for the attention bestowed on our tragedians in Paris. It may seem, what puzzle the strait-laced thus to encounter the Actor as missionary of good nature and good understanding between nation and nation. But, letting such high speculations pass, we can only at present devote a few lines to record what really happened on Monday evening, the main event being the appearance of *Monsieur Lafont*, from the *Théâtre des Variétés*—a pleasant and, what is more, a versatile actor. Any one who judged him merely by his performance in 'Le Mari à la Ville et la Femme à la Campagne,' must have classed him among the cool company of *Lotharios*, "who love and ride away," or of *Copper Captains*, who bully wives and dupe silly men. There is a touch of the Corinthian brass of the *Mr. Jones*, of our pleasant comic recollections, in his style. He seems willing either to escape from a spouse or to return to the same with equal adroitness and effrontery. 'Pierre le Rouge' exhibits him under another aspect—as one of these rough rustics who possess kind affections, as well as manly thews and sinews, and who vindicate the original stuff of "cloth of frieze" against the "cloth of gold." The piece itself is worth little. The star actress who appears with *M. Lafont*, is *Mlle. Nathalie*, from the *Gymnase*: though not quite up to his mark, she is well assured, and likely to be received with favour. Of the other novelties, we may report as occasion serves. We have already announced the promise of *M. Frederic Lemaître*. He will be supported by *Mlle. Clarisse*. To him will succeed *Madame Albert*; next the laughter-provoking *M. Ravel*, the original, 'L'Etourneau'; then *Mlle. Plessy* and *M. Regnier*, during whose genteel reign an entirely new comedy, written by *M. Alexandre Dumas*, will be produced under the personal superintendence of its unwearied and facile author. The far distance is closed by the agreeable figures of *M. Achard* and *M. Arnal*. In this list, it will be owned, there is much matter for pleasant anticipation.

LYCEUM.—This theatre continues its modest course of unpretending action. Both here and at the *Adelphi* we meet with an attempt at dramatizing *Mr. Dickens's* 'Chimes.' We, perhaps, give the preference to *Mr. Stirling's* version, as being closer to the original. *Mr. Keeley's Trotty Veck* is a life-like portrait. A new farce, entitled 'A Model of a Wife,' is well adapted for showing *Mr. Wigan's* peculiar aptitude for the delineation of foreign manners. Here, under the name of *Pygmalion Bonnefoi*, he amuses himself by exciting the jealousy of an opposite neighbour, *Mr. Stump*, a dealing-master, with a pretty wife. 'Valentine and Orson' is one of *Mr. A. Smith's* best burlesques. The two heroes are performed by the two *Keeleys*, the fun and extravagance being, of

course, pushed to the utmost. Pieces like these are, by their nature, rather out of the pale of criticism; the merit of the present, however, demands that they should be recorded.

MISCELLANEA

Paris Academy of Sciences.—Jan. 6.—Several communications were received of real or imaginary improvements in railway travelling.—In a former notice, we mentioned an apparatus, by a M. Chuart, the object of which is to indicate the danger from fire-damp, or the escapes of gas. M. Chuart's invention consists of a ball or globe, contained in a chemical solution highly sensible to any deterioration of the atmosphere, and acting upon a lever, which sets an index in motion, and thus shows the vitiated state of the atmosphere, whether in a mine, or elsewhere, long before the common air can be so saturated with gas, as to explode on the application of a light. M. Chuart has added to his invention an alarm bell, which is struck by the lever when the ball is thrown off its equilibrium by the vitiated state of the atmosphere. Since M. Chuart first exhibited his apparatus he has made a great improvement. His ball was originally of glass, which was not only too heavy, but also liable to breakage. He now makes it of copper, so very thin that its weight is almost nominal, and yet it is perfect in every part. We understand that he arrived at this perfection by means of the galvanic process, which gives a thinner substance than any mechanical means could effect consistently with the compactness that is required for the certain operation of the apparatus.—A paper was received from the Abbé Cochet, on the disappearance of the vine from Normandy.—M. Lewy made a communication, stating that he has analyzed several descriptions of wax obtained from different sources, and all of which, he says, have an affinity more or less to bees'-wax. He concludes that bees do not produce wax from any natural process of their own, but merely collect it.—A communication was received, announcing that the Abbé Baldacconi, conservator of the Museum of Natural History of Sienna, has discovered a means of petrifying animal substances. The process consists in the immersion of the substance to be hardened, for a long time, in a strongly-charged solution of two parts of bichloruret of mercury, and one or two parts of hydrochloruret of ammonia. By this process the natural colour of the object is preserved, which is not the case if the bichloruret of mercury be used alone. With the letter announcing this fact, was forwarded the liver of a dog preserved, retaining its natural form and colour.—Jan. 13.—A communication was made of the discovery of a comet at Berlin on the 25th ult., by M. d'Arrest.—A letter was read from Mr. Maclean, of the Cape of Good Hope, announcing that he had seen there, in October last, the comet discovered by M. Mauvais, and which was no longer visible in our atmosphere.—A letter from M. Le Beuf informs the Academy that there is in Chili, the country of the Peruvian bark, a plant which is esteemed its equal, but is very little known in Europe. It is the *canchalagua*.—The following curious letter was received from a wood-cutter, named Terebolf, of Brionne:—"Since it appears to be the fashion to make the Academy acquainted with everything at all extraordinary that is witnessed for the first time, a poor wood-cutter may be permitted to communicate an observation, which has certainly been made also by several of my comrades, but which I have some reason to believe will be entirely new for Messieurs les Académiciens. I have remarked that whenever a flock of sheep passed near the place where we were occupied in stripping the oaks of their bark for tan, it was absolutely impossible for two or three hours, and by the means which we usually employ, to strip off the bark of a diameter of more than three or four centimetres. My comrades attribute this strange fact, which I remarked for the first time more than five years ago, to the volatile sweating of the sheep, which has the property of conglutinating instantaneously the sap near the bark, and to prevent its free circulation for two or three hours."—Jan. 20.—Several papers on geology were read. The most interesting was—Remarks, by M. Eugène Robert, on the basin of Paris; tending to prove that what are called the marine layers were accidental, or the result of the deposits of river water.—A paper, by M. Fournel, an engineer of mines, giving an account of

his travels in the Desert of Africa, was next read. Amongst other things, M. Fournel furnishes the heights above the level of the sea at sixty places. Constantina, he states, is 635 mètres above the level of the sea; but the oasis of Biskara, which is only 60 leagues from Constantina, is but 75 mètres above that level. M. Fournel considers, that by sinking Artesian wells, it would be practicable to have a constant and abundant supply of water throughout the whole extent of the Desert. Some of the variations of temperature recorded by M. Fournel are curious. He informs us, that in the night of the 16th of March last, whilst bivouacking on the plateau of Batnah, the thermometer stood at 6° below zero, whereas during the day it had risen to 33°.—A letter was received from Professor Schrötter, of Vienna, stating that chlorine, pyrophoric iron, and spongy platina brought to the low temperature of solidified carbonic acid, cease to be the same active tests as they are at the ordinary temperature. This is also the case with potassium plunged in liquid protoxide of azote.—M. Bréguet laid before the Academy a description of an apparatus, invented by himself and M. Konstantinoff, for measuring the rate of speed of projectiles, and even ascertaining that of the electrical current.

Lucien Bonaparte.—The foreign journals mention that the monument to the memory of the Prince of Canino, intrusted to the chisel of the sculptor Pampaloni, of Florence, is nearly finished. It is formed out of a block of white marble; comprises eight figures in alto relievo, grouped with great harmony, and supporting an urn, in which the remains of the deceased are to be deposited. The following is a translation of the inscription:—"Here lies Lucien Bonaparte, son of Charles Bonaparte and Lætitia Ramolini, born in Corsica, at Ajaccio, in the year 1775. Religious, learned, charitable. As a French citizen, his enlightened patriotism, political eloquence, legislative and diplomatic works, are already recorded in history. Struck with an unmerited ostracism, Rome gave him an honourable reception. He preferred the retirement of private life, and the crown awarded to his merit by the opinion of the learned and the just, to the other ephemeral crowns which were offered to him. In the year 1814, the Sovereign Pontiff Pius VII., of glorious and holy memory, created him Prince of Canino, in token of the sentiments of esteem with which he honoured him. He lived 65 years. He died at Viterbo, on the 29th June, 1840, the day of the festival of St. Peter, under whose mantle he found an asylum and protection in his misfortunes, and the deliverance of whose church he has sung in a majestic epic poem. His sublime and Christian death was worthy of his life, as his life merited the grace of such a death. Alexandria de Beschamp, his widow, has raised this tomb for him and for herself."

The Mosquito Coast.—The Commission sent out by the Colonization Society formed at Berlin, to the Mosquito Coast, for the purpose of selecting a suitable spot for the foundation of a German colony, has returned home; and its President, Baron de Fellechen, has made a detailed report to the Society, which includes the following facts:—"The Commission was favourably received by the Queen, a fine tall woman about forty, who came on board their vessel in a canoe, forty-eight feet in length by six wide, and formed out of a single trunk of mahogany. She eagerly hailed the establishment of a colony in her dominions,—assuring the Germans that her husband, on his death-bed, had recommended her to encourage, by all means which might present themselves, the introduction into the country of European civilization; and offered them gratuitously an immense tract of land, forming a triangle, with its base resting on the sea, and the point piercing far into the interior. This land, says the Commission, is of excellent quality, able to produce abundantly all the fruits and trees of the tropics. One of the Queen's three sons, a boy of fourteen, was in an English establishment on the right bank of the Blewfield(?) river, for his education. The Commission brings home some particulars of the climate and zoography of the country, contradicting the popular and long-received idea of Mosquito-land. The climate, says the Baron, is mild,—its most intense heats so tempered by the proximity of the sea as scarcely to exceed those of

Southern Germany. The members assert, that they experienced none of the annoyances described by other travellers: of the venomous insects by which the country has been said to be infested they saw nothing,—and brought back their veils uninjured, never having had occasion to use them. So with the other venomous tribes; their races are nearly extinct, and they had much difficulty in procuring three rattlesnakes for the Berlin Museum. They saw but one Cayman,—and that one only three feet long.

An Elevated Sea-Beach.—The operations of opening the ground for the Granton Railway has exposed an interesting section of alluvial soil at Wardie. After a surface of sandy loam, mixed with some peaty substances, from the decay of vegetable remains, there is exposed, at the depth of two or three feet, a bed of sea sand, on the surface of which lie pebbles and sea shells, indicating in the most distinct manner the remains of a sea-beach. The shells are smooth and water-worn, and are principally specimens of the univalves, which exist at present on the neighbouring shores. This deposit is elevated about ten or twelve feet, as far as may be hurriedly guessed, above the level of high water tides,—no great elevation when considered geologically, but still not the less interesting.—*Caledonian Mercury.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—H. W. R.—S. S.—received. E. R. with thanks, but the subject, though of private and personal, is not of public interest.

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